MARCH 1909

WOMAN'S MORALITY

Savage and Civilized - By PROFESSOR FREDERICK STARR

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THE RED BOOK

EDITED BY KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

WOMAN!

IN the present issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE are two articles that are destined to arouse no little controversy and elicit no less commendation. Professor Frederick Starr is the foremost anthropologist of our day in America. His original investigations, made at the risk of his life among the savage and barbarous people of the jungles of Africa and of the less known Ainu land, have added immeasurably to man's knowledge of man. In his present article he shows that woman, has, in the fundamentals of her character, remained unchanged by civilization. The jungle-lady is the twin of the Fifth Avenue dweller in all save color and clothes. Read his article, filled with new ideas, then, if you are a woman read Edwin Markham's message to "Women Who Worry." The famous author of "The Man With the Hoe" never has written more helpfully. In his essay he crystalizes the new doctrine of our new day.

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"We're not half-men, nor sticks, nor gutta-percha-but women!"

To accompany "By Decree of Peggy"-page 782







roads in Central Africa one not infrequently meets with Ngombe women carrying burdens, who are absolutely naked. More frequently even these women wear beads about the neck, and in fact, when not engaged in bearing burdens or in heavy field work, the Ngombe women wear many pounds of beads in strings which pass so many times around the neck as to form a heavy ruff or collar. But it would be a great mistake to think that these Ngombe women are immodest or that morally they suffer from their nudity. On the contrary, in their manners and conduct they are as reserved as can be asked.

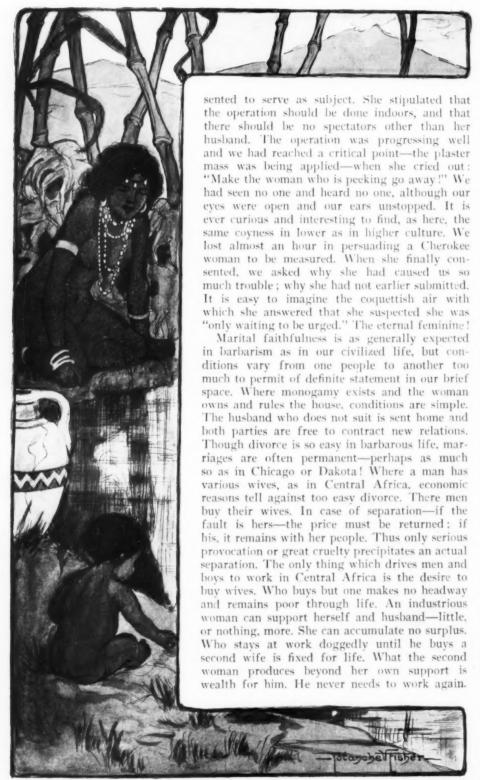
A very curious fact in regard to shame in its connection with exposure is that there is no fixed standard. Of what one is ashamed varies with race, with style of dress, and with fashion. In fact, shame can only arise where dress has been

developed.

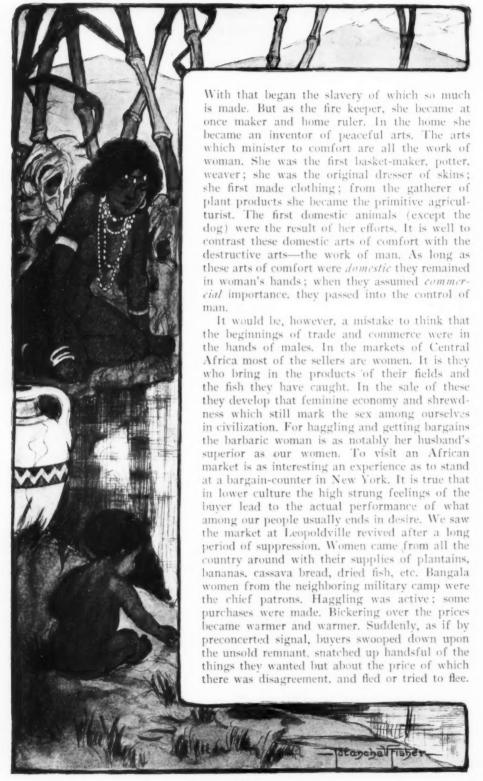
"The Mussulman of Ferghana would be shocked by bare shoulders at a ball; an Arab woman does not expose the hair on the back of her head, nor the Chinese woman her bandaged foot."

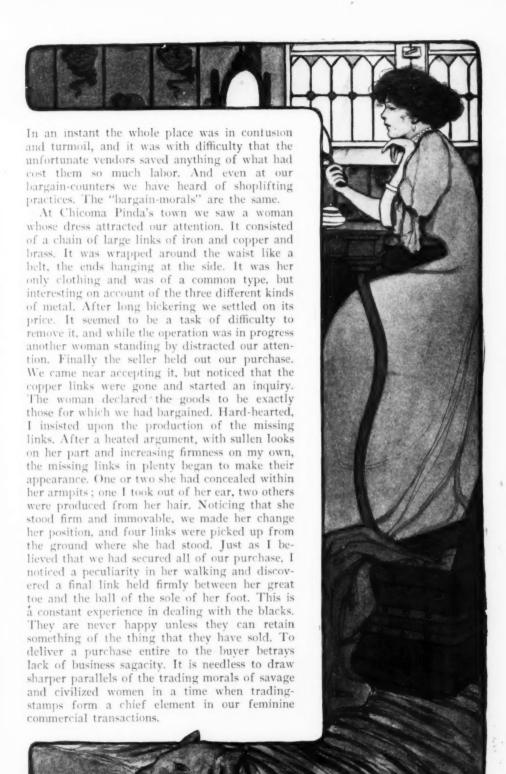
It is the absence of *customary* covering which causes shame, and not modesty. The Australian woman who wears bands of shell about her head and arms and a cord of human hair about her waist feels ashamed without them; and yet from our point of view they are no covering. An Indian in South America feels ashamed when seen without his body painting. The Ngombe woman carrying burdens on the road feels no shame, but undoubtedly, in any pleasure-gathering, without her heavy weight of beads about her neck she would be ashamed. It is the intentional removal of the ordinary covering or decoration which marks a woman as immodest and should cause the blush of shame. In savage and barbarous life we find occasionally such immodesty, just as in civilization.

Within the limits of her standards the barbarous woman is as sensitive to criticism and as shrinking as her civilized sister. When making busts of Indians in New Mexico, a woman con-











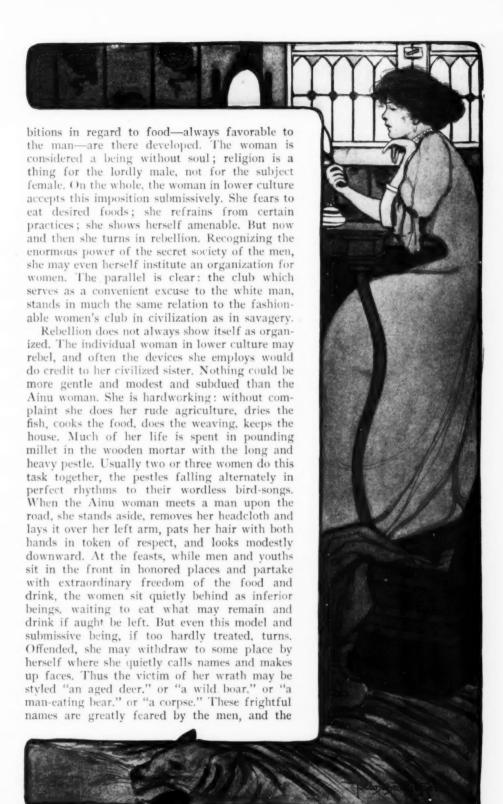




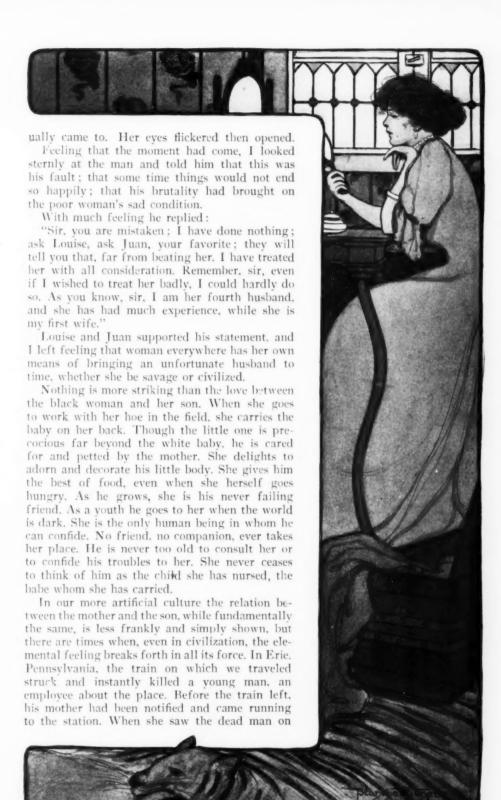


operation of having these designs cut. The operator squatted upon the ground, tailor fashion. The woman lay down before him with her elbows on his knees, her down-turned face resting upon her hands, her back exposed. The operator reached over her head and with the razor cut deep gashes in her back—here a spiral, there a circle, there, perhaps, a swastika. Though the blood ran freely and anyone would expect the pain to be great, the woman showed no sign of feeling. It is the same sort of patience, dictated by the same motive, as leads our women to endure any amount of suffering in waist and foot development. These ornamental patterns are raised













WOMEN WHO WORRY

bу

Edwin Markham

Author of

"The Man With The Hoe"





HERE IS A LONG PROCESSION OF WOMEN WHO WORRY: WOMEN OFFERING INCENSE OF SIGHS AND LIBATION OF TEARS TO SOME GOD OF THINGS

as they are not. I say "things as they are not," for never has there existed a condition to justify worry. Worry is the dust, the rust, the clinker, the canker, the destroying principle of Life; and those who cultivate worry are of those who wantonly waste the stuff of the Spirit. If a thing can be altered, there is no need to worry: fix it. If a thing cannot be altered, there is no need to worry: forget it.

The praises of the cheerful spirit and the merry heart have been sounded down the ages; but it is only of late years that we are beginning to realize that worry means much more than the mere absence of felicity. We are now coming to know that Worry is a positive evil in itself; that Care is a corrosive destructive force, a veritable anatomy of melancholy, a Pandora box of winged miseries. Worry ages more people than Time does; kills more people than War does. Worry breeds diseases greater than itself. If we could see this horror as we see the abomination of leprosy or cholera, or any other rare visitation of suffering, we might fortify ourselves against its ravages and make our spirits immune; but the fact is that Worry is so prevalent, so constant,





so much a part of our habit, that we cringe to our tyrant as a thing inevitable, that we even feel at times that obeisance to Worry is a mark of virtue. Not to worry, is not to care!

Self-consciousness is one of the noblest attributes of the spirit of man; the thing that makes him, in apprehension, above the animals and akin to the angels. But diseased Self-consciousness (or Worry) is the breaking down, the degeneration of the free spirit made to have dominion over itself and the world.

One central truth held as the North Star of conduct will forever shelter the mind from Worry. Life is a discipline, a place for making souls. Therefore it does not matter much what happens to us in the little affairs of the day. But it does matter how we respond to life and its events. I am a soul in the making, a soul in training for a vast career in a "better country." I have a body that is only the soul's scaffolding, while that soul is being shapen to the eternal uses. How such a thought dignifies life with its chances and changes! How it lights up with meaning the experiences of every day! Alas, those little carking cares of every day! For we all know it would be easier to be heroic in some supreme hour: to be a Grace Darling rescuing the shipwrecked; to be a Joan of Arc leading out her armies; easier than to be patient and uncomplaining under the daily grind at the cook-stove, at the typewriter, at the teacher's desk.

Yet the chief fact about any woman, from





empress to laundress, is that she is a soul in the making; and that the duties of every day are the diamond-dust that is cutting and shaping her spirit. What we become in our souls is the thing that matters; and over that thing we have control. Houses and lands may be lost: friends may turn away. But these are only incidents on the long trail of the ever ascending career, only incidents in the romance of Destiny. The finalities of all things are in the hands of a Power higher than ourselves; and the reason of the universe is pledged to bring all things right at last. The Elder Brother who lived the unfearing life of the spirit in Galilee tells us that even the little tragedy of the sparrow is noted by the One who watches. Emerson who faced life serenely assures us that "no god dare harm a worm." So no ultimate harm can befall the earnest spirit. If this were not so, then indeed would we be in a universe of the Capricious and the Absurdwhere to worry would be grotesque folly. Let us, then, take courage and thrust away the scorpion whip of Fret, for we have every reason to believe that life is built on Law and Mercy, that there is behind it an Intelligence willing only love and peace to its myriad creatures.

Think for a moment of this worry that fritters away our power in running streams. In worry, we repeat some unpleasant train of thought over and over again with no variation, no conclusion. Round and round in this





one weary profitless rat-run, the thought goes dizzving or droning—the joyless whisking of a dry leaf in a hollow, the foolish chasing of a kitten after its tail, the aimless circling of a lunatic in a cell. We worry over what we did yesterday, or what we are doing to-day, or what we may do to-morrow; we worry over our conduct, and worry over what others may say of it. Frettings and forebodings over these things, and a thousand variants of them, keep a keen sleet of torment beating on the spirit, destroying its peace and power. There is no emptier folly than this habit of exhuming the past. Looking backward brought severe punishment on two widely different ladies of old -on Eurydice and on Lot's wife. These allegories, making the backward-lookers stationary forever, are suggestive. When the past is gone, let go of it. In one swift glance sweep in the lesson of it: then breast forward, eyes to the future!

As for to-day: do the duty that is nearest, letting the intent of the heart make the action fine. What difference, then, whether you are Hannah making a coat for little Samuel or Caroline Herschel computing the orbits of the stars? But to-morrow? Know that you will do the work of to-morrow, whatever it may be, with your best judgment, your best skill. You will keep faith with the future; and you know that God will be there. That is enough to know. "Ah, yes, one may be at rest about her own part," you say; "but what about the op-





position of others who may not approve?" Never was there greater bondage than this striving for the approbation of others. "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us," complains Benjamin Franklin. It is only when we have deliberately done wrong that we should regard the opinions of others; and then only long enough to get the impact of public opinion that helps us to right about.

"But people will talk," you say. But when you know you are right, you are under no compulsion to care what they say. Then, too, you must not feel yourself to be the center of the universe? Remember that nearly everyone else is reckoning himself as that necessary pivot, and consequently no one is regarding you and your gyrations with more than a moment's interest. Only an exaggerated sense of your own importance makes you think the public is taking particular notice of you.

It is generally the worry, not the work, that sprouts the last straw that breaks the camel's back. It is the rush, the strain, that eats up the fine essence of the spirit. It is the mental two-step that makes the pace that kills. It ought to be bad form for any of us to say, "I am in a hurry." For this is generally a confession of

slovenly preparation.

Here is a hint for the women who fidget and fret and fuss. Go into the silence at certain times of the day. One need not necessarily retire for formal prayer. "He who is in the path of duty needs no prayer," said a wise





Oriental. But in the silence you will find the peace and strength of prayer. In withdrawing from the pressure of things and getting in touch with the great sources of power, you will find the peace and strength of prayer. In withdrawing from the pressure of things and getting in touch with the great sources of power, you will absorb power. Slip away for ten minutes, and tranquilly picture your work before your mind's eve as a triumphant and completed whole. Quiet your spirit, holding yourself open to the divine currents, feeling that you are a channel for your measure of the central Power; and you will emerge sustained and soothed by the inflow from the central sea. You will go forth to your work able, like the poet's brook, "to make a pastime of each weary step." Withdraw into the deep silence: there is no surer way to fling off the shadow of a fear, and to banish the newts and bats of the worries and flurries.

Perhaps you have not realized that you are under the despotism of the forces of Fear. You are often bent, not only by the work of to-day, but also by the burden of to-morrow's work. Now no creature, from tadpole to archangel, has more than one thing to do at a time. Concentration and system will arrange one's work for orderly rotation. System will do much to save the chafing and champing that mark the victim of the spur of Worry. Refuse, then, to think of any burden but the burden of the present moment. Remember the quaint



custom of old Brother Lawrence, the barefooted Carmelite of 1600. He was lowly and unlettered, but his "Practice of the Presence of God" has made him eminent among the sages of the world. Brother Lawrence gave himself no anxious care concerning any task he was set to do, however unprepared he felt himself for the work. He merely set about the task with a loving and willing heart, saying, "God, you must not leave me to myself: I cannot do this if you do not enable me. It is your business I am about. You must hinder my failing and mend what is amiss." He tells us that by this course he obtained grace to do his work well (he was the cook for the society) and found everything easy. Brother Lawrence did not make the fatal mistake of trusting all to prayer. He says that after he had filled his mind with great sentiments he would go back to the kitchen and consider in order the things that his "office" required, and when and how each thing was to be done, saying: "I must now apply my mind to these outward things, but I beseech Thee to grant me grace to continue in Thy presence.

If you have work calling for promptness, do not hold the "hurry" thought. Hold the idea, "I have time to do my work." Nature does not grudge the acorn its long preparation to be an oak, nor the grain of sand its long preparation to be a pearl. So repeat these words, "I have time to do my work." This alone will tranquilize the spirit. If by any





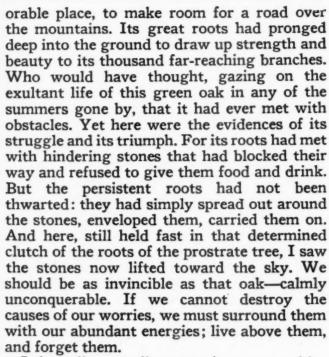
chance you do not complete the work, you will know that at least you have used your best efforts toward it, and did not squander your forces in foolish fretting. Do your best, do not dawdle; then do not fret if you fail. You have kept the poise of your spirit—that is the chief thing. It is not vitally important that the luncheon shall be ready at one. It is no catastrophe even to miss a meal. But it is important to keep the even mind. The best thing about this idea, however, is that it reinforces your energies, and makes it far more likely that you will have luncheon on time.

The woman who is in continual haste is out of harmony with the rhythm of the universe. She has forgotten something. She has miscalculated her strength or her time. She has mistaken her vocation. She has not mastered her trade. "Against stupidity, the gods themselves contend in vain," says an ancient sage. Face about and avoid your blunders. Gauge your time and your task, and see how magically all will dovetail, and how worry will perish for

lack of food to feed upon.

Work is made for life, not life for work; and the greatest work is always done with apparent ease. Unhasting, unresting the great work of Nature goes on. Mighty forces are in motion, mighty ends are accomplished; yet there seems always repose, always play. This is the way of the great powers of the universe, of which we are but the pipes and ditches. I saw last year a great forest tree torn out of its hon-





It is really a small matter that you are hindered in your projects. Disasters are often your best teachers. It is of no serious importance that you lose a purse, or miss a train. Even a disaster that changes the whole course and color of your life may be the richest experience of your existence. It is all a question of increasing the power of the spirit. If great disasters should not shake us, how much less should trifles. You would not smash a Venetian vase in order to save a bucket of coal.



Only a spendthrift would sacrifice a serene mood in order to fume over an ill-fitting garment or an undelivered parcel or a smear of mud in the hall or a buzz of flies in the pantry. And yet there are women who fret their spirit to tatters and bring unrest on all around them by chafing over these insignificant happenings. Order in the house is important, but order in the spirit is more important. Cleanliness drops from its high place at the right hand of godliness, when it calls out disturbance of the high mood. Household thrift sinks lower than household waste when a woman saves her carpets by constant friction over the dust, and her furniture by continual carping over the scratches. You have heard of the old dame with her market-basket who came panting up the hill to her husband, crying, "Run! Run quickly, before someone else gets it! There is a bag of treasure down at the crossroads—jewels and gold and silver. Run quickly and fetch it."

"But, woman, why didn't you bring it your-

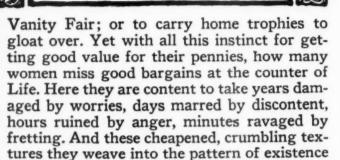
self?" thundered the husband.

"Why did I not bring it? Because, sirrah, I couldn't: I was already carrying ten pounds

of tripe!"

Women are proverbial bargain-hunters. An advertisement of marked down goods will draw bright battallions of them forth for the fray at the counter. They will wait days for the accepted date of a sale, and stand in line or struggle for a place at a luring booth in the





that should be made of perfect strands of time. One of the ever-flying jibes on womankind avers that she will sooner mend a habit that spoils her looks than a habit that spoils her spirit. If there be ladies influenced by matters of appearance rather than by realities, let them by all means eschew worry. Darwin tells of the ugly play of the grief-muscles that scribble the forehead and sag the mouth into wrinkles. There is no massage, no contraction of sticking plaster, no skin-food, that is equal to the cheerful spirit in keeping youthful the color and contour of the countenance. The faces of the sisters of charity and of Salvation Army "lassies" are the freshest and fairest one sees on the streets. These women are lifted above worry by the power of ideas that go out beyond self, ideas that reach beyond slavish devotion to food and finery. Compare their bright serenity with the drawn faces, the clenched hands, the nervous motions of the women harried by irks and ills-the women driven by housekeeping or dressmaking or school-teaching.



The great earthquakes that have shaken the foundations of the earth in the last few years might be supposed to send a special terror upon the heart. Yet there are spirits so poised that even such wild disasters cannot move them from their central calm. A woman, a friend of mine, was in San Francisco the morning of the great "tremblor" in 1906. She was awakened by the fierce writhing and wrenching of the world about her. She knew that she was caught in some tremendous cataclysm. But she did not open her eyes. She lay in a great peace, saying, "I do not know what it is; but come what may, nothing can harm me. I shall be given my own place."

This is the heroic attitude to hold in the small as well as in the large crises. It is the attitude of all strong natures. Recall the story of Emerson's reply to the agitated friend who came telling him that a comet was soon to strike the sun and annihilate the solar system. "Very well," said Emerson, calmly looking up from his Plato, "I can get along without

the solar system."

It is possible to keep one's spirit hushed and high enough to meet any crisis calmly, and to wrest victory from every disaster. Can you think of a harder situation than this? A friend of mine traveling in Switzerland found that she must at once undergo a critical operation on her throat, and that the chances were that it would prove fatal. She was told that she had no time to communicate with friends at home,



no alternative but the knife. She said, "If I am to die, I will not die in a panic." So she put the whole matter in the hands of the Higher Power. She wrote letters home, to be sent in case she was to write no more. She slept calmly, and on the morning of the operation walked to the hospital drinking in the glory of the Alps. determined that her last thoughts of Earth should be thoughts of beauty. She stretched herself calmly on the operating-table. The physician felt her pulse before administrating the ether. "Madam," he cried admiringly, "you have not one quickened heart-beat. You are a brave woman." Of course with such an unquailing spirit, the operation was an entire success. And who shall say that her poise and peace did not help the cure?

Square yourself with the Eternal Verities. and then face the adventure of Life with a care-free heart. In taking stock of your luggage for Eternity, what shall we keep, what shall we fling away as handicap? Certainly all the hoarded worries must go out of cellar and attic to the bonfire. What a motley heap of shams and effigies they are! And how much they have cost us—these troubles that never happened! Sins and sorrows of the past away with them! They do not fit any more. We have outgrown them. Terrors and tremblings for the future—away with them! No ready made miseries, no canned discontents! All insincerity we will fling away. With no subterfuges, we shall not be found out: with





no assumptions, we shall never be mortified. What liberation is here!

Are you discontented with your environment? Change it or fit yourself to it. Get in sympathy with it, understand it. It may be just the spot where God needs you to do an errand for him. Remember that God could not make Antonio Stradivarius violins without Antonio. Are you dissatisfied with your opportunities? Bend them to your uses. Things are here to try your soul upon. Remember the soldier who threw away his broken sword and ran; it was this sword the king's son snatched up in the heat of battle and won the victory with.

Declare your independence of Worry. Then repeat to yourself over and over, "Nothing can harm me: nothing can hinder me." Get right with Conscience, and then say this with all the power of your mind, knowing that the

Universe will back you up.

Here is another source of quieting and power. When the worry seizes you, catch up some snatch of song, and force your heart to sing it. Soon your heart will be keeping step to the cadence; and brightness will be shining on the mind, as lighted ripples follow the oar. Or, instead of harping on some strain of sadness or unrest, force the mind to think of something cheerful—the kindest word ever said to you, the pleasantest thing that ever happened to you. Call up the face of your friend, and reckon how rich you are in her



faith and affection. Recall the beautiful words, "My peace I leave with you." Repeat it again and again, for it will carry healing into the torn and fevered structure of the Spirit. And if you need peace, determine to make yourself worthy of the great gift of peace; put aside your jibes and jealousies, and then repeat the word, Peace—again and again, till peace descends into your being like a tide. Do this, and the world will begin to change for you.

Remember that thoughts are things alive with might, and that what you affirm in thought or word tends to take form within you. If you say, "I cannot meet this issue!" lo, all the forces of your body see the white-flag flying and take to ignominious flight. But say, "I CAN do this thing!" and suddenly they hear the rallying bugle: they halt, they form, they begin to step together in the music of a firm resolve, and the victory is yours. You always have enough strength for the day's work. Square yourself with Conscience, then affirm your power to conquer Life, and your secret powers will awake as at the summons of a trumpet.

Instead of saying, "I have no time," say rather, "I have all the time I need." For it is a truth that you have time. God, in giving the duty, gave time for the duty. And what you can't finish here on earth, you can finish in Eternity. You are on a long path, out on a beautiful adventure, and you have provision

for the whole journey.





"From the very first we ran into storm after storm"

The Voice

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Author of "The Avenger," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

YES, yes! How do you do! Yes—I'm glad to meet—But please excuse me, Peter; I must go; I have things to do; I—good-by—"

The woman we had found with Peter Rickmers in his studio, and whom he had introduced to us as "Mrs. Virgil," bowed hurriedly, and with difficulty, for she was very fat: one might say she was obese; and with difficulty she hurried from the room: one might say she waddled from the room. And to this hour I am glad in my heart that the smile which plucked for birth at my lips was repressed; and to this hour I am sorry that Dunbar allowed his mirth to show—

But am I quite honest, I wonder? Am I really quite sorry that Dunbar smiled? For if he had not smiled, I could never have told, for probably I never should have heard, this story.

I can most sincerely say, however, that I felt sorry to my heart when I saw the look of keen pain that appeared on Peter Rickmers' face at the sight of his friend's amusement. Dunbar's mirth was stirred not so much by the gross fat figure of the waddling dame as she beat a retreat before the irruption of men into Rickmers' studio, as by the sound of the voice in which she uttered her embarrassed acknowledgements of the introduction, and her excuses for her departure.

That voice was-

That voice is indescribable, except that it was almost irresistibly ludicrous. It amazed, as might the pipe of a canary issuing from a—well, from a seal, or from a porpoise. It was thin, it was shrill; it was shrill as a boy's whistle and thin as a cigaret paper; and yet there was a hoarse raggedness haunting it that was like the distressed ghost of a robust tone that had been stifled—buried, perhaps in the same fat that

had smothered the lines of her figure; and this thin, shrill, piping voice broke and fluttered half a dozen times in the course of the few seconds she was speaking, the effect reminding you of the comical breaking of a boy's voice, of a boy embarrassedly growing into manhood. No wonder Dunbar smiled!

But Rickmers turned upon him almost angrily, as Mrs. Virgil disappeared,

saving:

"Richard, you hurt me like the very devil! Look here—if you only knew!

That lady is my aunt-"

Dunbar flushed a rose pink, and then went white. There was no mistaking the earnestness of Rickmers; it was clear as print that the slow-moving, good humored artist was suffering; the cause seemed trivial, but we all knew even then that something very real must have caused Rickmers' agitation.

"Peter, I am tremendously sorry," Dunbar began. "It was inexcusable in me to—I am sorry, old man; I—blame

it, but I am sorry-"

Rickmers stood plucking at his beard, morosely, his eyes on the floor, and we others stood there amazed and inexplicably embarrassed. There was a most awkward silence; then, somewhere far off in the building, a bell began ringing, and Rickmers, with a breath of relief, shook himself together, grabbed at Dunbar's hand, wrung it very hurriedly, and said:

"Come along to dinner; pardon me, old fellow; come to dinner, all of us; and when we get through I'll explain

this thing-"

Dunbar opened his lips to say something; probably that he, at any rate, could forego explanation; but Rickmers

went on:

"I want to explain it, anyhow; I want you fellows, and all my friends, to know. Mrs. Virgil is to keep house for me; but she will rarely be seen among us; this meeting to-day was accidental. Come along to dinner."

And we followed mutely. We climbed down the steep stairs from the studio and went to the dining-room, and sat around the big square table, and ate a meal of which I remember nothing, save that we all drank more wine than ordinarily, and that unlike on ordinary occasions, the wine had not the least effect in loosening our tongues. It seemed incredible that such a gloomy party could be possible where Peter Rickmers was the host. And I knew, for all the others of our party of five told me of their own sensations afterwards, that an impatience profound and ever increasing was upon us to hear the painter's story.

Dinner over, we again sat in his studio, tobacco burning, and the far away susurrance of the sea coming in with the sweet Summer air through the great

windows.

He began his tale with:

"Look here, old friends, I wont be long, and I'll try not to be tedious—"

Immediately, all our embarrassment, our diffidence, our vague fear of we knew not what unaccountable emotion that might be vexing the artist, passed away; for when Rickmers said, "Old friends," we knew he meant it; we were his friends, and friends can give and take, friends can stop to explain a friction; and young Dunbar's hand went out as if to grasp at Peter's.

But Peter was looking out the nearest window towards the sea, and he was

talking:

"It happened out there, at sea, not so very far from this coast, nearly thirty years ago; and thirty years ago Mrs. Virgil, my aunt, was a slim and beautiful young woman; I have since seen many beautiful women, but I have never seen one more beautiful; and her voice was music. She was born in England; and she had the best and purest tones of the English girl's sweet voice; I, at least, know of no finer voice, though perhaps the tones of some of our Kentucky or Virginia maidens are more colorful, and more subtly appealing.

"Thirty years ago Mrs. Virgil, manner, my lumbering fat housekeeper, was thirty years of age, and I was fifteen; and we were both passengers on a brigantine owned and commanded by my father. We sailed from Brooklyn with a load of corn, in bulk, for Halifax, Nova

Scotia. Mrs. Virgil was my father's sister; she had two children, one a girl of five or six, and the other a boy infant in arms; and she was going to join her husband in Halifax. He, too, followed the sea; but just then he had secured a berth ashore, in the customs-house; which rejoiced her, because she feared,

"I can understand the fear of the deep, though I cannot share it; but to hate it—to think of it as evil—No! it is like hating life itself.

"When Mrs. Virgil came aboard she announced she would get out of her berth again when the ship reached Halifax, and only then. She had brought a big



"The men sank knee-deep in the kernels"

I might say that she even hated, the sea.

"And that is very strange, to me," said
Peter Rickmers, still looking out intently through the window, toward the
Atlantic, towards the waves that were
surging along the sand, and above the
deep blue expanse to the faint stars that
were coming out in a sky of purple.

batch of cotton-wool with which she meant to stuff her ears, so that she might shut out as much as possible of the noise of the sea; and she had boxes of food for the children; as for herself she was not going to need any food, because she was going to be sick; she was always sick at sea, and Matthew—her brother,

my father, the captain—was not to urge her to leave her berth, because he would only waste his time; she was going to be very sick, and she was not going to leave her cabin.

"She was very sick; but before the voyage ended she did leave the cabin. By Heavens!" said Rickmers, his voice suddenly deepening and his chest swelling on a long breath of the salt sea air, "yes—she left the cabin and that fact

is my story.

"My father laughed at her; he tried his jokes; but they went into one of her ears and out the other (before she stoppered them, I mean), and he, knowing her narrow stubbornness, shrugged his immense shoulders, and said nothing more. He told the steward—a meanfaced Albino of a cockney boy—to be attentive to Mrs. Virgil and the children, and then he let her be; and, by my faith, he had plenty else to occupy him during that voyage.

"The crew came aboard the morning after the night when Mrs. Virgil arrived, and late that day a fat little tug-boat jerked us out past the Hook, and then dropped us into the midst of a growing welter of gray clouds, gray tossing seas.

gray mist, gray rain.

"From the very first, we ran into storm after storm; head-winds beat upon us; there was continual fog; there was biting sleet that slashed the faces of the sailors and made them raw and bleeding; at times when the winds slackened there were heavy falls of wet, thick snow; and we never saw the stars; and we rarely caught through the fog and scud the pale gleam of the wintry sun.

"I have told you that the corn we carried was in bulk; I mean, you will understand, that it had been dumped loosely into the hold of the brigantine; and through the center, from stern to bow, there ran a sort of fence of thick boards to prevent the corn from rolling to one side or the other. But these shifting boards broke on several occasions; and then there was the very devil to pay. Every man that could be spared from deck had to go below and work amid the corn to repair the fence. and

shovel the corn back from the side to which it rolled, for when it rolled the ship was thrown out of balance; and when it was out of balance it was in danger of being overwhelmed and battered down by the seas upon its beam-

ends, and, perhaps, sunk.

"I went below more than once with the men and did my little best to help them. Lanterns were lighted in the blackness of the ship's entrails; they formed ruddy smudges of flickering, tossing, misty light amid the dust of the corn; amid the yellow fog that covered the wet hair and beards of the toiling, slipping, sliding, swearing sailors with a seeming powdered gold. The men sank knee-deep in the kernels; once, as the brigantine tossed hard, two fell together and were buried for a moment in the flood of corn. I clung to the beam, helpless at first, and of little use when I did begin to work; and the suffocation that seemed bearing me away as on thick wings into a region of illimitable darkness, was caused, I seem now to feel, by the welter of strange and incoherent fancies that swarmed through my excited young brain rather than by the dust of the grain, and the foulness of the air that was tainted with bilge odors and exhausted of oxygen.

"My fancies were of many kinds; some were of a singular order that I may, perhaps, characterize as visitations of the reality of death's nearness to life; and these were predominant. That cargo of corn-kernels assumed a tremendous significance. Each and every one of these innumerable millions contained the germs of life; each was a seed, capable of giving more kernels; all this yellow mass, too, was food—the material for bread for men and women and children—tons of it; tons of life-material; tons of life itself—of life drawn from sunshine, from air, from water, from earth;

and vet-

"This yellow mass, this bulk of corn, continually menaced us with death; it might bear the ship and the human beings in the ship, down into the chasms of the sea; all lost, all wasted, all wasted and lost. And it clutched at our ankles; it heaved in waves, like the sea itself,



"They were trying to send their voices through the gale"

unstable, untrustworthy, as if in a wild revolt from the calm order of its destiny, as if each kernel was possessed of a mad devil that caused it to forswear that which it was called from the earth to accomplish.

"And to my highly wrought, nervous imagination, death appeared to be riding down upon our ship in each blast of the gale.

"But I was not frightened; somehow, I seemed passed forever beyond the reach of fear. I felt wonder, and a tingling sense of combat. My father, I could see, was fighting—as to-day I paint when I have my conception firmly—with assur-

ance, with belief in the reaching, if not of complete success, at any rate of the best of which he was capable; and, therefore, why worry about the outcome?

"He never slept; I rarely saw him eat; but he drank Jamaica rum and smoked cigars that continually were going out. And the crew seemed never to sleep, and if they ate, it was of cold and sodden food. The water froze to their hair, to their beards and whiskers, to their eyebrows, in muddy icicles, in blotches, and in droplets like gems; and it froze to the rigging, to the few rags of sail that were spread, and to the railings above the water-line. And the men worked inter-

minably; for they had to pump, as well as shovel in the corn. I remember them especially as they appeared one night when my father called them in squads of twos and threes into the cabin and gave each man-jack a huge drink of rum and water. They pulled off their hats as they entered the little saloon, behind one of the closed doors of which my aunt, with the babies sleeping peacefully by her side and with her ears stuffed deep with the cotton wool, was moaning feebly and without cessation; they were humble as peasants in a church; they were voiceless and anonymous; a gang of strange men who lived by sailing on a few planks year after year, three or four inches away from their graves. And, grasping in big hands the tumblers of rum, they drank at a gulp before their captain—the tall, strong 'Fighting Matt,' as he was known along the coast-and then they beat an embarrassed and stumbling retreat.

"Sailors!" said Peter Rickwers, suddenly, turning from his level regard of the calm Atlantic, above which the purple sky had darkened into a blackness brilliant with stars, and upon whose bosom the moving lights of several ships cut evanescent paths, "Sailors!" said Peter Rickmers, grasping the glass of whisky and water which had reposed by his side untouched, "here's to you all! by Heaven, you make me wonder!"

And, all lifting our glasses, we touched our lips to the drink in silence. We all

had gone down to the sea in a ship, some time or other, and beneath our feet the floor of the room seemed vibrating.

"And then," he went on, "there came a morning when again the fence broke, the corn shifted, and we hove the ship to, and worked to right the cargo; and there, while we were wallowing hopelessly in the trough of the seas, the greatest peril of that danger-driven voyage came suddenly upon us.

"I was in the cabin, in the little main saloon, alone, crouching on the stairs of the companionway which led to the tiny quarter-deck. The doors at the head of the stairs were closed and bolted, but the sliding door, like a slightly rounded hood, which covered the top, was pushed back, and from time to time I crept up the stairs, and peeped out. The door of my aunt's cabin was open, and I could dimly see her. The baby lay in the hollow of her right arm; the little girl was huddled in a round, frowsy ball of clothing across the foot of the berth, sound asleep. Never was there such a child for sleeping-luckily for her, poor little tot: and even the baby cried out but seldom; both children, like their mother, seeming to be well-nigh stupefied by the uproar of the wind and waters. This was either the fourth or fifth day of the voyage; I have forgotten the precise period, for time made but dim impressions upon my mind. Now and then I had made shift to take the little girl in my arms, and try to play with her or feed her; but the mother would not let her be long away from her side; she felt always, I am certain, that only in her own strength, only in her own constancy, lay any hope of safety for her children from the attacks of the implacable enemy, from the attacks of the bitter and hostile sea.

"For days I had slept but in brief snatches; and my brain, while perfectly capable, as my memories prove, of receiving and registering these impressions, seemed unable to think, unable to define any particular thoughts or notions.

"But there came a sound that stirred me at last; the sound of a wild and violent outcry from the deck above; the sound of the wind-shattered voices of the sailors, heard above the thundering of the sea, and full of some great terror. I scrambled up the stairs, clung to the doors—and I saw the cause of their fear.

"We were lying, as I've said, thrown up into the wind—if that is the technical expression; hove to—whatever the phrase may be; lumbering in the trough of the seas, drifting; and down out of the wrack to windward, booming along with the wind, there was coming, and terribly close already, a huge, towering sailingship, a four-master.

"The sailors—my father among them—all of the sailors, save the two men who were clinging to the spokes of the wheel, were gathered together on the poop, and I caught a cry from one that told me that the fog-horn was missing.



"She screamed one appalling scream—then again and again"

They were shouting together, trying to send their united voices through the gale to the other ship. In the dim gray, spin-drift-laden air of that early morning, we were, probably, not seen at all; we were lost to sight in the trough of the high seas that rolled their restless bulks, foam-whitened, towards the lowering sky—like an angry mob baring its teeth in frenzied passion before some black Bas-

tille of its scornful masters!

"And the fog-horn could not be found; somebody had crept forward and was ringing the iron bell frantically; and there, by the rail, the grouped men, my tall father among them, and the white-faced little Albino of a cockney steward crouching by his side, like a mangy mongrel by a Newfoundland, howled into the teeth of the storm. Their terrors, their supplications, their angers, their agonies, burst forth from them inarticulately, and uselessly, expressed in tones of their voices rather than in the few words they uttered. But this urgent outpouring of need, this outcry for life in the face of death, was only blown back into their throats. It was useless; it was spent as vainly against the rushing of the mightier voice of the storm as have been like supplications voiced by other men in similar cases-by millions of men; by millions of men now dead and gone, whom the ocean has devoured!

"For, the great ship rushed on; down upon us it was hurled in the grip of the wind, like a hammer in the grasp of some invisible vindictiveness — or, like some living thing seized upon by a madness, by a savage and implacable fury against its kind; like a mad dog; like a mastiff or a great Dane foaming down upon a

terrified, tiny spaniel.

"The scene had the quality of a nightmare; it was like living one of those horrible dreams in which you are held helpless, incapable of motion, whilst the

avalanche rolls your way.

"And I felt that death was victorious; we had lost and death had won; the voyage was over; and this ship, with all its life—actual life, and life potential; the lives of the men, the life in the woman, and the life in the children, life that was created for going on, was doomed. No

possible event could check the onslaught of the destroyer. Inevitable death came

visibly upon us-

"And then," said Peter Rickmers, turning and facing us, at last, and fixing his eyes upon young Dunbar, "and then Mrs. Virgil left her berth, and left her cabin, and came to us on the quarter-deck.

"The voices of the men had penetrated to her, down below there; penetrated even through the cotton wadding stuffed into her ears; penetrated to her soul, and had yielded up the message of their terror. She left her berth, and came rushing up the companion-stairs—her baby still in the hollow of her right arm.

"How she was able to accomplish the feat, Heaven alone knows; but, fellows, I tell you she cleared the locked doors at the head of the companion-way at a single bound-by Heaven, she did! The wind blew her long, black hair straight out from her wild white face, and flung her nightgown back from her shoulders. The gown had been torn in the jump over the doors, and the torn halves fluttered like great wings from her shoulders as she bounded forward, and stared with great mad eves into the flying scud to windward, out of which came on, came down, came down, came on, the monstrous bulk of the other ship.

"The sailors, save only the steward, had never seen her; I doubt if many knew that she was aboard; and some of them fell upon their knees, bawling out incomprehensible prayers, and two fled wildly for the forecastle. They thought she was a wraith, some creature sent by death out of the sea, but she heeded them not. She saw the ship approaching. She understood the situation. She reached the railing and clung with one hand to the rope of the mainsail. She screamed one terrific, appealing scream; and then again, and again; incredible peals commingled of terror, wrath, and supplication. She uttered no words. She was a voice! She was a voice incarnate; the voice of woman; the voice of motherhood made manifest!

"And she succeeded!

"Yes; she succeeded! She dispatched the message which the united voices of the men had failed to hear. Her single voice prevailed against the might of the wind, like a keen sword striking with unerring accuracy, through the brutal rush of a bludgeon.

"A lantern appeared; it beamed redly in the high bows of the stranger ship; it was waved to and fro. The monster swerved, passing by so closely that we could make out the dim figures of men

hurriedly crowding the rails.

"It passed, and disappeared into the depths of the storm, into the obscurity of the sea, from which it had leaped out upon us like a tiger from the jungle. The wind seemed to rage louder in the wake of the passerby. Its sound was like the growl of the sea, disappointed, cheated of its prey, as all these terrific forces and tremendous combinations of circumstances: the storm, the dusk, the wrack,

the rolling of the corn, the loss of the horn—all the myriad chances which had conspired to bring doom upon a handful of human beings, a seemingly unavoidable doom, were defeated utterly by the cry of a mother, a cry for life—for life for her children!

"And that was the end," said Peter Rickmers, "the end of the storm, practically, and nearly the end of the voyage.

"But Mrs. Virgil never spoke again, save as she speaks to-day.

"There is something incurably the matter with her throat.

"And she grows very fat; but-"

Peter Rickmers threw away his cigar, and walked towards the window. Dunbar followed him. The rest of us made haste to relight our cold tobacco.

"Boo-oo-m-m!" called the sea, on the beach. "Boo-oo-m-m!"



There was a big-eyed baby Vi now

The Empty House

BY OWEN OLIVER

ILLUSTRATED BY BLANCHE V. FISHER

HE had not been particularly fond of the house when they lived in it and he could not make out why he had asked for the key. It was just a fancy that came into his head when he saw it standing empty. The agent happened to live

right opposite and he had acted on the

The house had been vacant for a good while, it seemed. The grass had grown over the path and there was moss in the corners of the steps. The key grated in

the lock and would not move at first-

It was always a troublesome door to open. Vi used to rush up-stairs like a hurricane to unlatch it before he could turn the key. The key generally turned

when she was at the far end of the passage, but, of course, he pretended that it had not. It was so good to hear her laugh at him and to see the sparkles in her eyes. She wore short dresses then and her hair was down her back. Her hair had been up these five years-Five? No, it must be seven; there was a big-eyed baby Vi now. Thank God. Vi's eyes still sparkled, and she still rushed at him like a whirlwind when he went to her house. Her way had never altered-never altered from the time she was a wee, toddling thing.

Ah! The key had turned at last.

The hall looked smaller than he remembered it-

He wondered how there had been room to move in it. Here was where the little oak table stood-the little carved table they thought an extravagance

then. He always liked that table, but, of course, it would not do for the big hall of the big house that he lived in now. He must ask what had become of the table; he had not seen it for years. He always kept matches in the right hand drawer. Bert and Alan used to steal them. They were only little fellows then. Such little fellows! And now they would soon be men. Bert was going to Oxford next month, and Alan was taller than his father. They had done very well at school. They were good boys-good boys! What dreadful little pickles they were then. He could almost fancy that he saw them.

The empty house was empty no more as he looked around-

Two small imps were peeping round the top of the basement-stairs: a keen, brown-eyed face, and a good humored, blue-eyed one. Two eager voices were in his ears: "Can't we have a penny for fireworks to-night, dad, 'cause we didn't have one yesterday, and I went up four places in Latin last week"-"An' I've got to 'bonus' an' that's very good for

me."-"We could get better ones if you gave us a penny each. Mamma said perhaps you would if we didn't bother till you'd got your coat off-

Well, you've got one arm

He used to tell them that they were a pair of young nuisances, but he never meant it. He hoped they always understood that.

Pat — pat — pat! on the kitchen stairs. "May on'y go see dada. Yes, May must. No, no! Naughty Milly! Go 'way, Dada! Dada!"—"All right, Milly, let her come."

A round little figure pushed the boys out of the way, and ran at him with a screaming laugh. "Want penny, dada. May, too."-"Have you been

bad or very bad to-day, Miss Pig?" — "None bad!"-"Oh!" cried both of the boys at once-"What does mamma say,

I wonder?-No, no, boys! No tales-Well, I'll see. You'll send me to the workhouse soon. You wont get any pennies then-And where is Dolly?"

Dolly would be in the drawing-room reading. She ought to be practicing, of course, but she preferred a book. She was too absorbed to look up till he bent down and kissed her. She had a quick smile for him then. She always had a smile for her father, even when she was a baby. She used to cry after him before she could walk. She could say "dada" when she was barely five months old, and she could say one hundred and seventy-three words when she was eighteen months. He made a list of them-He laughed softly at himself for remembering such a trivial thing.

Her baby was very like Dolly used to be, very like; only not quite so pretty to his mind. Dolly was his first child—the



first child is the wonder of wonders always—Still a child to him, though she was a woman and a mother.—But he was back in the old drawing-room, and Dolly was back at fifteen years—And Bert had snatched her book and was dodging her round the ottoman — His own voice sounded young in the ears of his memory. He was always a child with the children.

"Come, come, boys!" his young voice said. "What will your mother say if she finds you've been in the drawing-room in those dirty boots?—Give them another wipe then. What is that down in the garden?—A Roman shield, eh? It looks to me like the copper-lid—Eh, Milly? Dinner? All right. You can take Miss Maisie

But May held to his big leg, and began rubbing one fist in her eyes. "Oh, very well! She can stay if she's very good—Come on, piglet. What! Carry a big girl like you!—Only 'little big,' eh?—Up you come, then!—Now, boys, get those lessons done while I have dinner. Ye-es. You can do them at the other end of the dining-table, if you're very still and quiet—Fireworks? We'll see about them when the lessons are finished.—I daresay Vi will get them for you. She'll

pass for thirteen."—"Now for that 'quiet dinner' mother said I was to have."

Somehow he never did have a quiet dinner in those days. The children were so young—He was younger then—Ah!—He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. People must grow older; and he was not really old. Just old enough to have come to his full powers and earned success—

His time was precious nowadays. He could only spare a few moments for a look round the house. It was an absurd fancy—a ridiculous fancy!

He started at the sound of his footsteps in the empty house as he began to climb the stairs—

The boys used to slide down the banisters; and the girls!

This was the boys' room-

How pleased they were to have a room to themselves, when they moved here. He let them choose their own pictures out of those degraded from the former dining-room. He had expected that they would select the gaudy ones, for which he had no other use; but their taste was unfortunately good. They persuaded their mother to buy plaster figures for the mantelshelf from a man who called —Queen Victoria and an Italian flower-



girl. The flower-girl lost an eye when Alan first had a catapult; and Bert lent Queen Victoria to May for a doll, when she had measles—It never went back! What young scamps they were! But they had grown up fine fellows—fine, manly fellows!

The green shelf that he put up for their toys was still there, but it had been

repainted-

He had meant it to be pale blue, not green; but it is easy to confuse colors by gas-light, especially when you have two little boys to help you. The stain was still in the boards where Alan upset the paint-pot.

He stood a long time looking down

where their bed had been-

Most mornings he came in to stop a pillow-fight; or settle whose clothes were whose, they were so much of a size. Most evenings he came down from the study to adjust a difference concerning the sharing of the bed or the clothes, or to give them drinks of water, or fetch them biscuits, or tell them that they really must be quiet. They made a great deal of noise—but they were only little fellows. He always tried to allow for that.

He used to come in the last thing at night to see that the gas was turned off, and that the windows would not rattle. The boys were inclined to doubt whether the lions were really safe in the Zoo, if they heard a noise in the night; and then, of course, they shouted for their father; it was always in the cold weather that they disturbed his slumbers. He felt very cross sometimes, he remembered; but he didn't give himself away by showing it. No one has any right to lose his temper with a child—Besides, they were frightened—And they were only little chaps. Such little chaps.

This was the nursery-

He always had to go in twice to bid May good-night; sometimes three or four times. "I sha'n't have any peace till you are grown-up, monkey!" he used to tell her. Now his baby was quite a big girl.

How the years had flown!

The elder girls' room was next to the nursery—

What bonny girls they were; and how

they loved romping and fun! They used to make faces at him round their door, and he would lie in wait with the long dusting-broom. Once Violet was in ambush up the stairs with a pillow. She missed him and hit the gas-globe. He told his wife that he had broken it. It was his fault, of course, for encourag-

ing them to romp.

Sometimes he would put a booby-trap on the bath-room door to catch them in the mornings. He rose earlier than the rest to write. He worked very hard in those days. There was need of hard work with so many mouths to fill. Thank Heaven he was still a busy man, but the need had passed. Work does not often bring its full reward, but it brings something—He was no longer a poor man, thank Heaven! He did not care very much for money, himself, but had always wished to leave a little for the children, when his time came—But his time was not up yet. No, no! Not yet.

This was his room, and his wife's-

She had a busy life then, but it had been an easy one these last few years. The reward of a man's labors comes first to his wife and children. He would not wish it otherwise—He did not wish for an easy life ever, he thought. There was

always work for a man.

In this room he used to lie awake, and wonder how to make both ends meet. One-two-three-the hours struck so quickly one after another, he seemed scarcely asleep before the morning came -and May's "tap, tap, tap" at the door. When he let her in she would scramble into his place before he was back in bed. He would pretend to be very cross, and she would laugh!-The baby-laugh was missing from the house these many years. How she would laugh when the crocodile was eating her! The crocodile that was made of legs and bedclothes! They were equally useful for making a camel, with a hump that vanished just as she was sitting down.

There was no sleep for him after May arrived. Her restless feet made a wonderful draught in the bed on cold mornings, and her tongue never ceased prattling. If he fell into a doze, she would beg for a story. "In a minute," he



would protest sleepily; but she used to put her chubby arms around his neck, and kiss him with a soft, wet mouth—"You's a dear dada. Now tell May 'tory."—She was a big girl now, a big girl.

He went and looked thoughtfully out of the window.

Only Alan and May would be left at home, now Bert was going to the 'Varsity. Alan would be going in a year or two; she would not stop long after him. Her impudent beauty caught men's eyes already. And when his baby went—

The street-lamp, that was just lit, flickered unsteadily. There must be a mist on the window. No, it was on his spectacles. Well, well! He would go up to the old study, and congratulate himself on the improvement that he had made in that respect.

The study was right at the top of the house—one of the attics. It was too hot in the Summer, and too cold in the Winter; but his work had prospered there.

He remembered how he made the carpet for it, by cutting the last pieces

out of an old one. Nothing was left of the furnishings of the room except the tall nest of drawers that his wife had given him. They were too good for the other things, they said then. Now she wanted to turn them out of his study because they were not good enough for the rest of the furniture, but he held to them. He was not given, as some are, to friendship with inanimate things, but he could not look upon these just as furniture. Sheaves of his writings had passed through them, the writings that were part of himself; that had changed as he had changed. Or was it as the children changed? There was always so much of the children in his stories-When there were no longer any children they would be an o.d man's writingsan old man's writings. No, no! His heart would never be quite old, while he had the memories. He would never lose these. They were with him now.

He turned to sit in the old chair; and found that the room was empty The dusk was creeping over it and the corners were full of shadows. It was a room of shadows and corners, a room to think in—



He had sat there so often in the twilight thinking, thinking of the stories that he made; thinking of his own! Facing the things that a man has to face; no one can help him with some of them—no one.

It was here that he sat and faced his darkest hour. He had not liked to think of it ever since; he wiped his forehead as he thought of it now.

The daylight grew into twilight; the shadow of the window-frame came creeping toward him along the floor; the twilight deepened into darkness. There were whispering thoughts—evil thoughts—in the room. He could not escape them. He got up and lit the gas, to take refuge in light, and they whispered to him still. His thoughts went back to the depths. God forbid that we should follow them and pry into his memories. We all have our dark hours—All!

Suddenly the door burst open and the girls pushed one another into the room. They could hardly speak for laughing. He could hardly speak. He passed it off for laughter, too. Dolly had done her

hair up and put on a last season's dress of her mother's. Violet had borrowed his overcoat and hat and a cigar to stick in her mouth. They spoilt the cigar, he remembered, and he had to have the hat ironed. He thought that they saved him. People see what children owe to their fathers. They do not see what their fathers owe to them.

The children! It was they who furnished the house when the furniture was shabby and spare. It was they who gave relish to the food when the larder was scanty. It was they who filled the mind, and left no room for the lumber and cobwebs; they who filled the heart and left no room for the empty ache; they who made the labor easy and the reward worth having; they who heartened to the sacrifices that were nearest to a prayer!

The children! It was they who had brightened his goings and his comings. They clustered round him and clambered upon him as he went down the stairs. They smiled at him and rushed after him from the doorways. They waved at

him from the windows as he passed through the gate. They followed him into the road for another kiss as he left the empty house. He was not a man who prayed often; but his lips moved silently in a prayer—

"You find the house much as you left

spoke and smiled again. Times change; but memory knows no changing. There were memories still at the gloomy windows, and it seemed to him that he was smiling at his babies. He looked back to them once more before he turned the corner, and found he was smiling still.



Dolly had put on a dress of her mother's

it, Sir Albert?" said the agent deferentially, when he handed back the key. "Times have changed for the better with you since then!"

He smiled his pleasant smile. He had a good manner, everyone said. It was kindly, like the man.

"Yes, times have changed," he agreed. He glanced over his shoulder as he God, to whom all things are possible, would know the reward, he thought, for his years of strenuous life—the life that had been his prayer. When time had done with its foolish fleeting and houses were leveled with the dust, the memories unchanged and unchanging would still be with him—the memories of his children when they were children!



Lavina

By Decree of Peggy

BY PEARL WILKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

M ISS Lavina Heathcote gathered up her parcels, deposited them in a bag along with a thick bundle of examination papers, some text books, a copy of "The Lady of the Lake," closed the door on the smell of warm loaves, pies, and smoking meats, and then stopped quite still for an instant, staring timidly into the pouring rain. Behind her were lighted windows filled with plates of cake and doughnuts, above her head the legend "Schmidt's Delicatessen," in front of her the sloppy street and the hideous turmoil of the rush-hour.

Miss Lavina raised a hand in its dripping black glove and put up her umbrella. It was a horrible night to be out. Men and women, buttoned to the chin, their sight obscured by umbrellas, collided with each other at every turn. Cars were packed to the roof. As she patiently made her way through the jostling, nasty tempered throng, Miss Lavina contemplated it all through her pretty, wide-open eyes and was, as always, a little afraid. To her country-bred sensibilities there was something terrible about this mad stampede for home. Evening after evening, as she walked the interminable blocks that stretched from the "Private School for Girls," where she taught, to the dingy apartmenthouse where she "roomed," she had watched it with fascinated eyes.

She grasped her umbrella more firmly, glanced nervously about her, and then quickly averted her head as she sped past a dark and mysterious "penny arcade"

A few blocks farther on she stopped stock-still, her heart coming up sickeningly into her throat. She had missed her purse! As she stood there hesitating and shaking, a man behind her swore audibly as the rib-point of her umbrella jabbed him in the eye, and a push from a sharp elbow knocked her off her feet. She hurriedly entered a small establishment whose windows were crowded with shirtwaists, kimonas, scarfs, and cushiontops, and began a desperate search through her bundles. When she remembered she had hidden the purse in her blouse, as she grasped it a sob that almost choked her rose to her lips. A mirror hung above one of the counters and she caught a glimpse of herself. The little touch of gray in her brown hair was not disfiguring, but she had not used to look like that!

She turned into a narrow street of boarding-houses, stopped at a flight of dripping steps to let the water run from her umbrella, and then ascending let herself into the tall apartment-house. From a bracket above a littered hall-table gas was burning dimly. Through the narrow entry that led to the land-lady's domain was wafted the stale smell of innumerable boiled dinners.

Miss Lavina stood at the table looking over the letters and papers. There were two for her. One, a package in a long brown envelope, she took with a peculiar "sinking" feeling that should have been familiar, owing to the many times she had experienced it. Her story! They had sent it back then. Tears smarted under her eyelids. She had failed again.

She knew before she ever opened it what would be in the other letter—a hundred entreaties and arguments and cajoleries as to why she should give up this wearing fight of making her own way and come to some one who signed himself "Always your faithful Dick."

With a sigh Miss Lavina prepared to

climb the wearisome flights to her room. At the bottom step of the third, a light, gibing laugh and the odor of burning tobacco floating down to her carried the tidings that the "Merry Bachelor Maydes" had company to tea. That was nothing new though. The Bachelor Maydes counted their young men as other girls counted their hair-pins—by the dozens. Miss Lavina was always meeting them in battalions in the corridors, standing aside at landings to let them pass on the stairs, colliding with them in the dark hallways.

The door of the big studio stood wide open. The youngest Bachelor Mayde, whom everybody called "Peggy," was paging MSS at the same table where the law-student from the second floor, being appropriately arrayed in smoking-jacket and slippers, was making tea. His friend, the newspaper-boy, lounging in a Morris chair, was fingering a banjo and accomplishing the simultaneous feat of smoking a cigaret and trolling, in a reedy tenor, lines he had picked up somewhere:

"Harps may be strung again, Songs may be sung again, We shall be young again, Never, ah nev—er!"

The quiet Bachelor Mayde stood with her back against the chenille portière. She looked tired to death. The portière was brown, her dress was brown, and her hair was of the same shade. She looked like a portrait by Henner. In her remote past she had lived in Kansas. Never could she live it down; everywhere she went she was known as "the Girl from Kansas." She designed menucards, calendars for the Silver Leaf Lard Co., "tail-pieces" for magazines, or whatever it is that "artists" do.

"Good-evening," she said, as Miss Lavina looked hastily in. "Good-evening," chorused the law-student and "Peggy."

But Miss Lavina hurried down the hall to her room, unlocked the door, and entered. It was dark and smelled musty. Miss Lavina did not light the gas immediately, but dropped all her things at once and collapsed on the couch in her soaked clothes. She was cold and wet and hungry and deadly tired and sick at heart. A few bitter tears

gushed forth upon her cheeks. She resolutely wiped them away and got up after a while and turned on the light, bathed her face and disposed her damp clothes so they might dry. She brewed herself a cup of tea, cooked something over the gas-stove, and when things were set to rights again, put on a fresh blouse, went out and down the corridor to the Bachelor Mayde's Studio and knocked at the door.

The Girl from Kansas opened it. She still wore her brown dress. Her amber eyes regarded Miss Lavina inquiringly.

"Come in," she said politely.
"I want to see Miss—er—the young lady who writes," stammered Miss Lavina

The Girl from Kansas walked over to the tasseled chenille *portières* and with a practiced jerk pulled them aside.

"Peggy!" she called.

In the box-like bedroom thus revealed, "the young lady who wrote" was standing before the mirror powdering her cheeks.

"Oh!" protested Miss Lavina, her own cheeks burning, "I didn't know—"

Peggy laughed, a frank boy's laugh, as she stuffed the powder-rag into a bureau-drawer.

"That's all right," she said easily. "Myra, take the drawing-board off that chair and ask Miss— Heathcote isn't it?—to sit down. I'm going out," she explained, "but if you don't mind, we can talk while I'm getting ready."

Miss Lavina studied the pattern of the art-rug that covered the floor. She was very embarrassed. Her words came

haltingly.

"Mrs. Blodgett—the landlady told me you wrote—stories. I have read some of them since in various magazines and admire them immensely. I, too, have aspired to—to write. My friends have told me—But I have no influence. I know hardly anything of literary-markets. My work does not seem to sell. I thought perhaps you could give me a little advice, a few addresses?" She emitted a sigh of relief.

Peggy was wriggling out of a kimona. "What's your bent?" she demanded in muffled tones, because her mouth was full of pins. "My-my- I don't understand."

"Your tendencies. Have I got all the powder out of my eyebrows? D'you write automobile-stories, or nature stories, or love or adventure, or detective or nigger-dialect stories?"

Miss Lavina gasped. "I do not think I could be said to write any particular

kind," she answered finally.

The Girl from Kansas had retreated to the piano. She was playing something; presently Miss Lavina recognized it. It was Schumann's "Träumerei."

"You'll have to hook my skirt," announced Peggy, backing to Miss Lavina. "Myra's 'Träumereing' again. I wish I could tell you, Miss Heathcote, how sick I am of that. She heard it at a concert a month ago and since then has played it sixty-nine times."

The Girl from Kansas looked over her shoulder and smiled an abortive smile. She was unique in her way. When she had nothing to say, she said nothing.

"About your stuff," went on Peggy, rummaging for a belt; "you've probably received a few 'rejection-does-not-imply-lack-of-merits' and are a little down on your luck. I'll tell you what we'll do. Shall you be at home to-morrow night between eight and ten? Yes. Well, I'll run in and we'll go over some of your stuff and see what the trouble is, if there is any. Then I'll advise. Will that be all right?"

"You are very, very kind," declared Miss Lavina, rising.

Peggy laughed. "Wait till I'm through

with you!" she warned.

Miss Lavina's eyes were roving about the rather incongruous quarters of the girls. The two rooms, crammed with pictures, posters, college-banners, and ink splashed cushions, presented a curious blend of reckless extravagance, and ingenious makeshift.

"You're not going yet, are you?"
Peggy was saying. "My cavalier wont arrive for a quarter of an hour yet, and when I'm talking to someone it takes my mind off Myra's playing. Do stay."

But Miss Lavina, murmuring something about lesson-plans to be outlined for the next day, insisted upon taking her departure.



Miss Lavina collapsed on the couch in her soaked clothes

Peggy opened the door for her. "Till

to-morrow night," she called.

So it happened the evening after, that, sitting with Miss Lavina, in that lady's painfully neat little apartment, the youngest Bachelor Mayde looked up from a confusion of MSS to the right of her, MSS to the left of her, MSS on the floor, on the bed and under the bed—and smiled.

"Well, some of them are pretty bad," she passed verdict frankly. "Your style is too—too Addisonian. You read Henry James, don't you, and essays and poems?"

Miss Lavina grew rather pale. "Does that mean," she inquired faintly, "that I haven't any—ability?"

Her visitor looked away.

"I didn't say that," she replied evasively, "but it takes years and years. And you haven't been out and about much, have you? This little tale, though —I believe you call it 'The Roads of May,'—is charming. The man in it is a real flesh-and-blood man. Where'd you get him?"

The color rose delicately in Miss Lavina's cheek. "It was—some one I knew—long ago," she said.

"I see. Well, you've turned out a very pretty little romance, all lilacs and old lavender and recreating a forgotten atmosphere. 'Stratton's' I think, would delight in it. Try 'em, at any rate. If they accept it, you might work over that 'He that was Homesick' thing of yours, and see how they like that. Only I wouldn't have the boy go crazy down in the desert, if I were you. Remember your poor dear readers. Maybe some of 'em will take up your story to read themselves to sleep. Think of their dreams. Let your boy find a spring of water, or a lost canteen, or as a last resort have it rain. Then bring your stuff over to me and I'll typewrite it for you."

"You are very good," murmured Miss Lavina.

"Good!" echoed Peggy, and rising,

stood with both hands resting on the desk. She had on a red silk kimona embroidered with gold butterflies and her black hair was in two long braids. She looked bizarre and out of place in Miss

Lavina's prim room.

"Good!" she said again. "Well, I don't know, Miss Lavina, but I want to be 'good.' Yet in this as well as in almost everything else, one's neighbor can't help much after all. About the most one can do is to say 'Keep on' and 'Good luck.'"

Miss Lavina began to feel better. "Then," she ventured, "you advise me to go ahead with it?"

There was a flicker of Peggy's eye-

lashes but she said firmly:

"Of course. What else is there for you to do? And, Miss Lavina, some kindhearted youths have invited Myra and me to dinner to-morrow night at the 'Poodle Dog.' Then there's to be an automobile-ride and the theater maybe. We want you to come along. Work! Nonsense. Your work depends upon your getting out and seeing things—and living. But how are you to get out and see things and live if you're cooped up here? Of course you'll go. It'll be no end of fun. Be ready at seven. Goodnight."

She went out, closing the door behind

her.

Miss Lavina sat in silence, staring for a long time at the unwonted disorder of her room. She did not quite know what to think.

It was three weeks later, a dull gray Sunday afternoon and Miss Lavina's heart was heavy. For one thing some one had blundered and nobody in the house had received any mail. Miss Lavina had been expecting a letter from her "always faithful Dick," and "Stratton's" had had "The Roads of May" for fifteen days. She had bought a Sundaypaper on her way home from church and trying to read it had given her a headache. The usual batch of examinationpapers the girls had handed in that week had contained more mistakes than ever before and Miss Lavina was discouraged.

Through the walls sifted music, something full of minor cadences and with an undertone of weariness in it. Miss Lavina wondered if the Girl from Kansas were playing "Träumerei" again. She was roused from her gently melancholy musings by a smart rap on her door. Then it opened and Peggy burst in and dropped upon the couch-bed.

"Myra's driven me out," she explained, so I've come over to you. How's the

new story progressing?"

"It doesn't seem to progress at all," confessed Miss Lavina. "It wont work out."

Peggy nodded. "Don't I know? It's one of those beastly seasons when the very stones of the street cry out that all the tales have been told. Oh dear, if I'd as much money—"

There was a tremendous hammering

at the door.

"Hello, the house!" called the cheerful voice of the newspaper-boy. "Package for you, Miss Heathcote."

Peggy jumped up and poked out her

head. "Any for me?"

"What, you here, Peg? You'd much better be at home. I was just going up to your place to have you make me a lemon-punch in the salad-bowl. Yes, here are two—duns, I guess." He went off chanting derisively, "You don't know Peggy like I do," as she slammed the door in his face.

Peggy tore open her letters, glanced at their contents, and then turned to Miss Lavina. That lady was quite pale, but

she tried to smile.

"You see they have sent it back," she said and held up the fateful brown envelope.

"'The Roads of May?' What a shame!

Did they say anything?"

Miss Lavina spoke with evident effort.
"They didn't even think it worth while
to enclose the usual stereotyped slip."

She took up a pair of embroideryscissors and began, with hands that trembled a little, to cut the stout cord that bound the other package.

"This is from Dick, I suppose."

"Dick?"

"Yes. He sends boxes of red apples and lilacs and pansies in season, and



"Shall you be at home to-morrow night?"

hopes they'll make me homesick. They do, a little. See!"

"Primroses!" breathed Peggy. "Oh! You lucky, lucky Miss Lavina!"

But Miss Lavina was reading a note that had been tucked away among the flowers.

"Oh, he's coming to-morrow!" she announced in dismay.

"You don't sound as if he'd get a

cordial reception."

"He wont. I'm very fond of him, though. We grew up together. But he doesn't like the idea of my working. And he makes fun of my—my ambitions. He wants to—to—"

"Marry you, I suppose," finished Peggy composedly.

Miss Lavina blushed.

"Is he the hero of 'The Roads of May?' No, no one told me, I just guessed. Why don't you take him then? He's asked you, surely?"

"For sixteen years, at intervals."
"Hasn't he enough money then?"

Miss Lavina looked shocked. "He has a lovely country home," she said a little coldly, and "three thousand a year, I believe."

Neither spoke for a moment. Peggy reached down and picked up a folded sheet of paper lying on the floor.

"Somebody dropped something," she began and then stopped, shutting her lips tightly together. The afternoon light was fading as she took it to the window and read it.

Miss Lavina was paying no attention. Her hands were clasped loosely in her lap and her head was bowed as if her thoughts were far away.

Peggy finished reading, crumpled the paper, stuffed it up her sleeve, and

turned to Miss Lavina.

"I want to tell you something, Miss Lavina," she said, and her voice was queer and harsh. "It'll be hard for me to say and harder for you to hear, but it's this: When I urged you the other day to try again, and said that success would come in the end, I—lied. Success will never come to you. You are not of the stuff of which geniuses are made!"

Like the poor victim who receives a knife-thrust from a hand he has come to trust, Miss Lavina looked up, white, stupefied, unbelieving.

"Why—why—" she began.

"You've started in too late. You haven't the training. You don't know life, nor people, nor markets, nor tricks of the trade. Your stories are labored and strained and without sparkle. You'll never sell them, in this life."

"You—you are insulting, Miss Peggy! If this is the truth, why didn't you tell

me so before?"

"Because—because, oh, can't you see? It's this old sweetheart-business of yours. I never knew before that you were working yourself to death from any other cause save desperate necessity. I did not dream you *choose* to do it. I lied because I was sorry for you. But I'm not sorry for you any more. I think you're a silly goose—a fool."

Miss Lavina was very angry. "Thank you. Don't you think you had better—

go now?"

"No! I haven't had my say out yet. There's just one thing left for you—matrimony. You were made to take care of a house and fuss over a lot of flowers, and sit out on the porch in the Summertime with a bit of embroidery in your hands. You told me yourself that you were lonesome here, and afraid. Then why don't you leave it? Why don't you go away to-morrow with your Dick and let him make you happy for the rest of your days?"

Miss Lavina sat in stony silence.

"Good heavens," said Peggy, exasperated. "Look at Myra and me! Do you want to grow into the type of the homeless hybrid to which we belong? Aren't we selfish and cynical and grouchy and lonely? Oh, I know what you think! Those boys that gobble up our salads and guzzle our tea and bang our piano and maul our cushions-! But none of them really care. And if they did, they haven't a place in the country and three thousand a year. Oh, we've had our opportunities, but we've let them slip and now we're sorry. We're a lot younger than you, Miss Lavina-in years, but in other respects you're a child compared to us. And it's this lovely life that's made us so. I suppose you think I'm a

beast, but I can't help it, and I wont care much if only you'll please, please be sensible!"

She stopped abruptly. Miss Lavina still said nothing, and presently Peggy spoke again.

"It's getting quite dark, isn't it? Myra'll be wondering. Don't hate me too hard, Miss Lavina. And remember—"

With a rather unsteady laugh she rose and left the room.

The Girl from Kansas was sitting at the piano in the dark, playing Schumann's little "Dreams" for the hundredth time. Through the rectangular slits of the windows the light was coming in like gray thistle-down.

Peggy jerked open the door, slammed it behind her, and belligerently entered. The lights from a building opposite wove a fantastic tracery upon the ceiling. She crossed the room, turned on the gas and stood for a moment staring in disgust about the untidy room.

"I wish Sunday had never been invented!" she said irritably.

"What have you been doing?" demanded the other girl, and went on with her playing.

"I've been over in Miss Lavina's room. I've broken her heart and she'll never forgive me as long as life lasts. This is a sweet world."

"You might as well explain."

"I told her she was not a genius. I might as well have said she was not a lady!"

"But why? I thought-"

Peggy moved a chaotic pile of books and newspapers and dumped herself upon the couch.

"Oh yes," she groaned, "I can lie by the clock if it's necessary. I suppose that's why it was so hard to tell the truth this time."

The flexible white hands of the Girl from Kansas continued to wander automatically over the keys.

"Well?" she queried absently.

"Did you get any mail?" demanded Peggy irrelevantly. "Miss Lavina got a box of primroses from a man named Dick. He lives in the country, he has three thousand a year and he's been begging her to marry him since he was out of short trousers. There was a note saying to-morrow he would come to ask her once more. The luck of some people is stupendous!"

"So that was why."

Peggy kicked spitefully at the cushions and then suddenly sat up. She drew a crumpled sheet of paper from her sleeve and tossed it to the Girl from Kansas.

"I picked this up from Miss Lavina's floor," she explained. "She dropped it without knowing. It's perhaps a waste of words to inform you that she has not seen it. Read it."

The Girl from Kansas left off her interminable music and fished for the scrap of paper. She placed it in the musicrack and read word for word these sentences in clean, crisp typewriting:

STRATTON'S MAGAZINE
6, 8 and 9 East Twenty-first Street
New York City, N. Y.
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

DEAR MADAM

Although returning your story "The Roads of May," we by no means refuse to accept it, provided you comply with certain conditions named by us. There are one or two points concerning which we would offer some suggestions. The end of your story seems to us too tragic to suit the taste of the average reader. Could you not make it less so? It could be done by altering a few pages. Those four or five hundred words devoted to your hero's death might be left out. They are well written but not to the purpose of the story.

Or, if you do not care to make the proposed changes, could you let us see something else?

Very truly yours The Editor.

To

MISS LAVINA HEATHCOTE.

The Girl from Kansas read it twice. Then she looked coldly into Peggy's eyes.

"You might be sent to jail for that, you know," she said.

"I've put myself at your mercy."

"Don't be flippant. Who are you to set yourself up as a court of judgment? How do you know whether or not Miss Lavina has the divine-fire in her soul?"

"When she says 'dear reader' and 'picture to yourself?" When she wont let her characters smoke or swear because



"You haven't been out and about much, have you?"

she's a 'lady-like authoress?' When she is thirty-three years old?"

"I don't know anything about any of those things. But this editor—"

"Oh yes! Every man, woman, and child can tell *one* story. *His* story. Miss Lavina has told *hers* in 'The Roads of May.' It's a pretty enough little heart-interest thing, but it's all she's got to tell. She's ten years behind the times. Her style is stilted, her ideas are out of date, and for all her three and thirty years she knows nothing—nothing whatever."

"Just the same, if I were you I should take back that which I—borrowed."

"So should I, if I were a disagreeable, unimaginative prig, prodded by a sense of duty. Why don't you open a window? The air of this room makes me sick."

Peggy stumbled to the window, raised it, and thrust out head and shoulders.

The Girl from Kansas began at the beginning again of Schumann's "Träumerei." The maddening racket of the streets, alternating with the musical thunder of an organ from an adjacent church, came into the room. The brightly lighted streets were alive with the usual noisy, scrambling, amusement-seeking Sunday-evening crowds. In the glare of the electric-light many feet below, a girl, unabashed, was kissing her lover good-night.

Peggy stirred restlessly. For blocks and blocks the packed houses stretched about her. A train on the elevated rolled out. Summer was in the air—Summer when the streets would be a hot glare and the breathless nights spent between the walls of a box-like bedroom intolerable, and the very moonlight something not to be endured.

She abruptly turned around, smiling. "I saw Julian Loftus the other day, Myra," she announced. "Did I tell you?"

The Girl from Kansas slurred over a note. She waited a moment, then she said quite evenly:

"You did not mention it."

"Well, I did. He was on the 5:30 boat. The missus was not along, so we had a long, long talk. He asked how you were hitting it off with your 'pic's'. It was he who bought that little watercolor of yours with those lines of somebody or other lettered upon it. How did they go?

"Here's the end of Dreamland, here's the Road of Day, Kiss me for my kindness and let me go my way."

"I'll always insist, you know, that it's one of your best things. Julian's hung it in his den where he can look at it every day. He said those poplars and that old bench and the bed of mignonette reminded him of a place in the park where you and he picnicked on one of those crazy jaunts you used to be forever taking together. He wondered if you had done it from memory."

"No," said the Girl from rudely, "I did no such thing." said the Girl from Kansas

"I told him I didn't know. We talked about old days-about the time he and Lawrence took us to the 'Palette and Brush Jinks' in the pouring rain, and Lawrence lost his hat-'

"-and a fat man threatened to throw Julian out of the car 'cause he persisted in reciting 'The quality of mercy is not strained.' Oh, I remember," said

the Girl from Kansas wearily.

"Those were good old days! I wonder what has become of Lawrence. What kids we were! Remember how we were always disputing and quarreling and making up and borrowing money of each other? And what mad hopes and absurd dreams and crazy castles in Spain? I wonder how things would have turned out if some brutal editor or picture-man had spoken the truth to us about those ridiculous ambitions?"

The Girl from Kansas went doggedly on with her playing. "I wonder,"

all she said.

"I couldn't help thinking the other day when I saw Julian-"

There was a crash of chords. The Girl from Kansas swung abruptly around.

"Don't be an idiot, Peg," she said in a low tone. "Making up so many silly stories has wasted your brain-tissue, I verily believe. Of course Julian's perfectly happy, and so am I-and so are we! You're a little low in your mind tonight, that's all. You're in that crazy mood when you want to unburden yourself of all your own imaginary woes and your friends' imaginary woes. Let me give you good, if ancient, advice: 'Don't!' You'll be sorry to-morrow."

Peggy grinned like a little boy. "Well then, I wont," she agreed, and turning once more contemplated the crowded

street.

There was a long pause. The gas-jet flared irritatingly. Noises of cabs and motors smote jarringly upon the ear. Peggy dug her finger-nails fiercely into

the hard wood of the sill.

"You can't deny," she burst out at last, "that it's a horrible way to live. Why Miss Lavina don't see it, I can't for the life of me understand. Chafing-dish messes and pickles and tea and crackers till you hate the sight of 'em! A place to eat and sleep and work in-but not by any stretch of the imagination to be called 'Home!' Clothes in tatters and no time to mend 'em! Going out, rain or snow, and nobody cares a straw! And we're not half-men, nor sticks, nor guttapercha automatons, but women! And we're all alike at heart. We're all made to be sheltered and kissed and petted. Oh. I wish-"

She faced about, interrupted by the sound of tearing paper. The Girl from Kansas was rising from the piano. She held in her hand a little heap of carefully torn strips that had once been an

editor's letter to Miss Lavina.

"There, I hope you're satisfied!" she said viciously. "I suppose, thanks to you and-and me, poor Miss Lavina will have to fall on the neck of her Dick. I only pray he doesn't beat her some day. Draw the curtains. It's early, but my head aches, and I think I'll go to



"I ain' got much more mazuma with me"

The Good-Luck Charm

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Author of "Casey, the Rebel," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

DELSARTICALLY pressing back her dark blue hair with a carefully macadamized hand, the Egyptian fortune-teller bent over the palm of the young man who sat across the table from her.

"I sees fer you," she stated impressively, "a great future. You will be rich an' famous. You will marry oncet, an' vuh voonion will be blessed with three children, mostly boys."

Her vis-à-vis rubbed the back of his free hand across his lips and colored circumspectly.

"How soon?" he asked.

The fortune-teller bent close over his

"Soon," she replied, wisely; "very soon. To be more eggsac', within a few years. And—Oh! I thought'all the time that that splinter was a line! They wont be but two-

"As I was sayin'," she continued, "you'll make a great deal o' money, an' yuh'll live tuh be very old-ninety 'r a hundred at least-yuh life-line tells me that-see?"

And she indicated a transverse indentation upon the spread palm.

"Also," she went on, "yuh wan' tuh keep yuh eye peeled fer a tall, dark man -yuh know a tall, dark man, don' yuh?" she queried, a bit anxiously.

"A coon?" he asked.

"No; I mean a dark complected par-

ty," she explained.
"Sure," he replied. "I know a bunch of 'em. Which one do I wan' tuh dodge?"

"Well, if it was me," she asserted, sapiently, "I'd sidestep th' whole crowd,

an' be on th' safe side. It don't do tuh run no chances with Fate."

He nodded.

"I know one that's a cop," he volun-

teered, speculatively.

"Yuh can't always sometimes tell," she rejoined. "Oft-ten our crosses an' our double-crosses comes from them we leas' suspec' in this woild.

"As I was sayin', th' negst few years will be a period of danger fer yuh—"

The other looked worried.

"Ain' there nothin' I can do?" he

queried.

"There's one thing," she returned, helpfully and beneficently. "I have a little love an' good-luck charm. It wards off all dangers an' renders th' wearer as safe as a choich from all harm. Price seventy-fi' cents—but as I've took quite a fancy tuh youse, I'll sell yuh one fer fifty. Better take it," she admonished, solemnly. "It's li'ble tuh save yuh hundreds o' dollars in doctors-bills alone."

The young man appeared dubious. "Is it th' real thing—on th' level?" he queried.

The fortune-teller drew herself up

haughtily.

"I ain' in th' habit o' havin' my bizness questioned," she stated, chillily. "I guess I know what I'm doin' an' what I'm sayin'; an' when I tells yuh that this little charm o' mine 'll do th' trick, I eggspec's tuh be b'lieved. See?

"That's always th' way, though," she went on, chastenedly. "I attemp's tuh do a feller creacher a kin'ness by lettin' him in on a good thing a quarter below th' reg'lar price, an' he insults me by thinkin' I'm tryin' tuh flim-flam him—an' me a lady whose woid ain' never be'n questioned by no one in her life."

She gazed fixedly out through the ragged curtains of her booth in aggrieved though forgiving humility.

"No offense," apologized the young man, contritely. "I di'n' mean no harm. I jes' wanted tuh be sure—that's all. I'll take one."

The fortune-teller at once became the

epitome of cordiality.

"I can give yuh foither readin' fer a quarter more," she said, eagerly. "An' I can tell yuh a lot o' things more—how yuh was sickly in yuh yooth, an' how yuh wan' tuh keep right on in yuh present business an' toin a deef ear tuh them as is tryin' tuh sidetrack yuh—an' a lot more, too."

But the other shook his head.

"I ain' got much more mazuma with me," he replied; "an' I ain' done nothin' yet. I come in here th' foist crack out o' th' box. An' besides, if th' charm'll make me successful an' keep off bad luck, what do I wan' tuh know any more for? I'm wise tuh me yooth, all right. An' if I got th' future nailed down hard like yuh says I has, what's th' use o' rubberin' around?"

He dug into his trousers-pocket and produced a handful of coins. Selecting a quarter and a half, he tendered them to the fortune-teller.

"Gi' me me charm," he requested, "an' I'll beat it."

The fortune-teller, realizing that her resources were exhausted, took the money and handed him in return a little button that she took from the table-drawer. It was of the campaign variety, but differed in that it bore, where one commonly sees the imposing elevation of a Favorite Son, only the words "Love Charm."

"We get 'em that way," she explained, "so's yuh can wear 'em in th' lapel o' yuh coat, if yuh wan' tuh. O' course, it's jes' as good in yuh vest-pocket; as long's yuh have it wit' yuh, it don' make no dif'rence where yuh got it. It will make yuh successful in love an' business an', while yuh carry it, no harm can come tuh yuh. It's a sure prevent'ive."

"Thanks," said the other. "An' if it reely gits me me goil an' keeps me out o' harm, like yuh says it will, I'll sen' yuh a bid for th' weddin'."

With the charm protruding conspicuously from the lapel of his coat Slane stepped out into the sunshine of Surf Avenue—Coney Island's main thoroughfare.

"I won'er if that can really be straight goods," he soliloquized as he started across the traffic-laden street. "It don' seem like it; but still yuh woul'n' think an ol' dame would string a guy like that. It sure is won'erful tuh think, though,

that a dinky little button could cop out a goil, an' bring yuh luck, an' keep yuh out o' harm's-

His soliloquies were terminated abruptly: for a large blue automobile slid suddenly out of the vehicular maze and

swooped down upon him.

He gave a frightened leap to one side —and found himself directly in the path of a large red automobile coming the opposite way. With a startled yell, he jumped again: only to land directly before a large yellow automobile; and yet again he leaped: to alight precisely in front of, and not a foot from, the radiator of a large green automobile.

Three out of four is as good a record as any man might be expected to make; and he cannot be blamed for the fact that the fourth car struck him flatly in

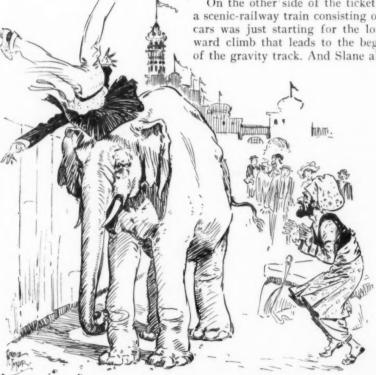
the femur.

He rose gently in the air. Turning

twice over in his flight, he scaled breezily above the heads of the startled pedestrians on the sidewalk, slid easily over an eight foot fence, and alighted just between the eyes of a somnolent and corpulent elephant, who, drawn up beside a platform, was waiting for his howdah to be filled with the decorously screaming young ladies and high-collared, daring swains.

The elephant, its reflections being thus rudely broken in upon, eyed Slane injuredly as he slipped and slid down the length of its trunk; then stood, for a moment, perplexed—as if laboring under a realization that the occasion demanded something, yet not knowing exactly what that something might be. At length, however, it compromised by picking up the sprawling form before it and tossing it lightly over a ticket-booth; whereat it gazed about, speculatively, as if to ascertain from popular adjudication whether or not it had acted in manner de rigueur.

On the other side of the ticket-booth, a scenic-railway train consisting of eight cars was just starting for the long upward climb that leads to the beginning of the gravity track. And Slane alighted



· Alighted between the eyes of a somnolent elephant



just in the rear of the last car, but close enough to it so that his clutching fingers found hold upon the back of the last seat.

Spasmodically they gripped the wooden edge, and just then the car began to move more swiftly; and when he at length realized where he was, he was following the train up the incline, making seventeen feet to the jump—and it was too late to let go.

I will spare you his chaotic thoughts as he followed the car up the steep grade. Suffice it to say that, though a trifle incohate from the two sudden happenings that I have just narrated, they were not such as one would wish to go to one's couch with after a hard day's work. But they were such as to cause him to wedge his fingers yet more firmly into the wood and leatherette, and to impart to his legs an altogether unsuspected prowess.

The train reached the top of the incline, swooped over the edge, and to the accompaniment of a chorus of feminine squeals that always embellish such occasions, shot down the steep declivity.

During the entire descent—and in fact until they had gone half way up the next rise—Slane hung out behind the last car like a storm-signal on top of the customhouse in a ninety mile gale.

Then his feet hit the ties twice, and they were off again.

There was a succession of three dips

on the next declivity. He managed to touch each one once, and then he found himself suddenly in the dark.

As if on mischief bent the car swung lurchingly to the left, and Slane, inclining outward at an angle of ninety degrees, beheld a charming panorama of a Swiss village with Mt. Washington rising imposingly in the background.

Just a glimpse, and again darkness. Another swift swoop and he was gazing down upon a Burmese hamlet — and wishing he were in it. And again the night.

His hands had become so numb under the strain, that he would have thought he had lost them somewhere on the trip were it not for the fact that they still attached him to the back of the rear seat. He wondered how long before the coupling would break.

Down two hills and up two more, and through a half-portion of Dante's Inferno his digital adhesiveness held; and then, just as they were passing Hades on the left, there came an extra potent lurch and he found himself again circling through the ether.

He had just time to wonder vaguely whether or not his good-luck charm were still safe when he struck right between the head devil and his first assistant.

Hell, it is stated upon good authority, is paved with good intentions. Be that as

it may, apparently there was not much beside these, and a few scantlings, in the way of Slane's progress; and he took a high dive into Heaven which lies beneath—for Coney Island is economical of space, you know, and not over particular anent the congruities.

Before a spellbound audience that crowded the celestial bleachers to the point of suffocation, the Angel Gabriel was attempting to sound his trump and at the same time keep himself in the

center of the spotlight.

Slane had just time to catch a glimpse of cinematograph clouds coalescing into one glorious, sublime, golden whole, and to observe, in the wings, a cohort of angels in flesh-colored union-suits that wrinkled badly about the knees and papier-maché wings that insisted on slipping down, when he struck Gabriel just between the shoulder-blades and disappeared through the center of the Rock of Ages.

The succession of shocks had broken Slane's fall to such an extent that it was with comparative grace and languor that he alighted in the middle of the Spanish

Bull Fight beneath.

He sat for a moment, flat upon the turf, mustering his scattered senses; and then came suddenly to himself—for he was gazing directly into the forbidding features of a peevish bull, drawn from his accustomed phlegm by the indignities to which he had recently been subjected.

The bull eyed Slane for a moment in puzzled disfavor; which, however, rapidly coagulated into active dislike. And just as Slane gained his wobbling feet, it lowered its head and charged.

Slane, from a standing start, made an excellent get-away, and for one entire lap around the ring, their relative distances remained the same. But on the second circuit, Slane's previous exertions began to tell upon him, and the bull

gained several yards.

In the meantime, all was in confusion. The audience, which had risen en masse to its feet and thence to its chairs, was screaming wildly, observing interestedly, or yelling vociferously for help, according to sex, condition, or degree of trepidation; while frightened matadors.

toreadors, and all the other dors that accompany such festal ceremonies, were running or riding frantically around the ring, trying to deflect the now thoroughly exasperated bovine from his latest quarry.

Slane, clasping his left hand over his good-luck charm, sped wildly around the arena amid all the tumult. But, despite his every effort, he continued to lose ground. At the farther side of the ring, just opposite the tallest Pyrenee that Coney Island boasts, the bull finally overtook him.

There was a cloud of dust and dirt, a swift lowering of horns, a sullen heave of great muscles, and Slane disappeared through the middle of a mountain torrent.

He emerged from the second story of the Doge's Palace and landed in the middle of the Grand Canal, just in front of the Square of St. Marks, carrying the Campanile in one hand and one of the famous lions on the other.

Commonly one passes along between the paper-flower bedecked, palazzo-lined banks of the Canal in a gondola. Slane, however, was too busy to pay appreciable attention to the customs of the country, and so he swam—that is, he swam for a while; and then he got in the way of a boatload of Harlem kindergarten schoolteachers.

The Canal is not over deep. With the aid of the ocean and fire-hose it sometimes attains a depth of two feet. This it was at the time of which I write—and the two feet were evenly divided—a foot for the teachers and a foot for Slane. Unfortunately, however, Slane's foot was underneath. And the teachers scraped a little as they went over. But they were too busy with scenic delights to note the slight rocking of their craft, while Slane was so thoroughly occupied that he had no time to speak to them of the matter.

The next three gondolas, coming close together, carried a quarter-section of the John J. Mulligan Ward Eight Political, Social and Clam Chowder Club. And such were their specific gravity that they polished the head of every nail upon the bottom of the Canal from the Palace of the Borgias to the sea. Hence, when the



first gondola came to Slane, it stopped, abruptly.

"Ĥillo!" remarked one of the members of the John J. Mulligan Ward Eight Political, Social and Clam Chowder Club. "What th' divvle's that?"

He rose from his seat in order to peer over the bow. And just at that crucial moment, Slane rose to his feet. Whereat, startled, the member of the John J. Mulligan Ward Eight Political, Social and Clam Chowder Club, shrank back so suddenly that he lost his balance. To recover his equilibrium, he caught hold of the rising prow of the gondola. And promptly the stately craft turned turtle and deposited its nine other occupants in the soft, blue waters.

Of course, I don't need to tell you that one and all immediately came to the conclusion that Slane did it with malice aforethought. Nor do I need to expatiate upon the manner in which the ten erstwhile passengers rose to their feet and, after ridding their features of a sufficient amount of water to enable them to do so, gave vent to ten sullen bellows of rage and charged down upon the innocent victim of their wrath.

Nor, I trust, do I need to relate how Slane, though a brave man in his place and generation, did not await the coming; but, instead, gave one from and betook himself off blindly drawn the Grand Canal.

Past stately palazzo, fragram garden, and sculptured tower they passed stumbling, falling, crawling, swimming—under the Bridge of Sighs—back around by the Doge's Palace—across the Square of St. Marks and through the Cathedral—out the other side and once again into the Canal—for the water-ways of Venice, particularly of Coney Island Venice, are tortuous and confusing. On and ever on they fled. The gondola containing the bevy of Harlem kindergarten schoolteachers hove in sight ahead; and the affrighted Slane found them suddenly in his way.

He reached them—a terrified, shrieking, cowering concourse—and, jumping over the stern of their craft made his way over the backs of the seats to the front; whence he took to the water again. And the ten members of the John J. Mulligan Ward Eight Political, Social and Clam Chowder Club followed.

And now for the first time there came to Slane's straining ears a sound that rose even above the shrill shrieks of the Harlem kindergarten school-teachers and the sullen, hoarse yelps of the ten members of the Mulligan Club. And just as Slane reached the main landing of Venice, to fall on his face and be jerked from the Romance-touched waters by the businessend of a boat-hook, there were seen in the distance not only the pursuing clubmen but as well a great crowd composed of the Spanish Bull Fighters and their audience, the entire population of Heaven, seven train loads of scenic railroaders, a couple of howdahs full of elephant-riders, and, as well, a large and unclassified concourse of observers of all descriptions.

That which ensued is far too chaotic for any descriptive prowess of mine. My pitiful best will be to leave the crowd in the hands of the police-reserves and to put Slane in a patrol-wagon, still clasping his good-luck charm.

So spiritedly that the concourse was unable to keep beside it, the wagon drove away to the station. Arriving at its destination, it backed up to the door and Slane was requested by the large policeman who sat on the extreme rear end of one of the seats, to alight; which he did, and, *mirabile dictu*, without assistance.

He was endeavoring to tell his tale to the sergeant who had interrupted him seven times before he had even got to Hades, when there dashed in at the door an excited, disheveled girl with red cheeks, parted lips, and wild affrighted eyes of glorious blue.

"Oh, tell me, tell me!" she cried. "Is

he hurt? Is he killed?"

The last came in a broken whisper, and then she saw him; and, unmindful of all, she threw her lithe body into his amazed arms, burying her head upon her breast.

The sergeant drew himself up imposingly and rapped on the blotter.

"Mary!" he said, severely. The girl did not heed him.

"Mary Ryan!" he called again, louder, and with added severity.

Still was he unnoticed.

"Mary Haitch Ryan!" he thundered. "Ainchuh 'shamed o' yuhself? Whajuh mean by such acshuns, huh?"



Jerked from the romance touched waters



"Mary Haitch Ryan!" he thundered, "ainchuh 'shamed o' yuhself?"

She still paid him not the slightest attention; nor, for that matter, did anyone else.

So the sergeant picked up the billy that lay on the desk beside him and began to hammer like a cooper hooping a barrel.

At length she vouchsafed him a glance.

"Whajuh mean?" he demanded, irately. "Eggsplain yuh acshuns, 'r I'll tell yuh mother."

The girl's lips moved.

"I love him, Uncle Mike," she said, simply. "And I thought he was kilt."

For a long minute the sergeant stood stiffly, endeavoring to assimilate this statement.

"An' what would yuh father an' mother say tuh all this?" he demanded, at length.

"They'd say, 'All right,'" replied the girl. "They always said so. I was the only one that didn't—because I didn't know then that I—what I know now," she finished, embarrassedly.

The sergeant stood for a moment deep

in thought. There came from afield, through the open windows, the sound of hurrying hundreds.

"Take him home wid yuh, then, Mary," he said. "An' take him quick; fer they're all comin'. An' whatever yuh do, don' l'ave him come near Cooney Islan' again; f'r's near's I can make out, he's did more dammidge than th' big sthorm o' sivinty-wan. Prisoner discharged."

In a side-seat of a Brooklyn Bridge express, with Slane next the window where he would show the least, they slid raucously across the marsh-lands that help to make Coney an Island. And as at length they crossed King's Highway, Slane, shifting lamely, took a closer grip upon the slim fingers of the girl beside him.

"Mary!" he said, softly.

She turned upon him great, dark, lustrous, glad eyes.

"It wasn't such a bum charm after all, was it?" he asked.

"All to the good," she murmured, happily and squeezed his hand,

The Sacrifice

BY MARAVENE KENNEDY THOMPSON

TEN crops of alfalfa in a year! That's what I call a gilt-edge proposition.

Ah! this is a great country."

There were youth and a supreme joy of living in his voice. His gray eyes flashed triumphantly, his muscular body proclaimed health and splendid virility. He raised his tanned face to the sun.

"Shine on, old Sol, with our irrigationsystem working as steadily as you, we can

use every ray of you."

The woman's eyes rested on him, a blur of pain and helpless misery in them.

"I'm going to buy Frank Devoe's place, Helene; ninety-five acres of as good irrigated land as the valley can boast. Then we'll show them, dear."

"Where is he going?" Her soft voice was almost shrill in its intensity.

"Back East the—numskull. He'll go back and grub for the rest of his days for what he could earn here in five years."

She clasped her hands with an impas-

sioned appeal.

"But he'll live. He'll get a thousand times the returns." Her voice broke over a dry sob. "He'll have music, books, friends he enjoys, the sea—the cool glorious sea banked by green woods." She panted hungrily. "Green—ah! green for miles, all green. No burning alkali and scorching sun that sucks and sucks till one is dry, shriveled up—body, mind, and soul."

"Come!" he laid his hand on hers tenderly. "You're in the dumps again. Look at those clouds in the bluest sky you ever saw. Could anything in the world beat that? And isn't this a fine cool breeze? Brace up, pet."

She essayed a laugh that ended in a

quavering note of bitterness.

"I've braced up about all I can, Russ. I'm afraid I shall never grow used to it: the heat, the hideously homely buildings, and oh, the meagerness and bareness of it all!"

"Meager?"

He inhaled a deep breath.

"It's the biggest country I've struck. Can't you get its bigness—the feeling of standing face to face with—immensity? It's the first place in my experience that I haven't felt shut in. And it's a country in the making—that I'm to help make!" The tone bespoke rapture—a deep soulrapture.

She bent forward till her lips touched his, in an abandon of love. He laughed

contentedly.

"You'll get the feeling some day. Sure! You'll laugh after awhile at yourself, and at others who come after you and think as you thought. Look at Mrs. Carr, nothing could tear her away from here; and she says she cried the whole of the

first three years."

Helene Latimer did not answer. Her face only grew a little more pinched. For two years she had lived in Imperial, and never a day but that she had quivered under its barren ugliness as under a blow. The first sight of it, even as a bride when she was enveloped in a blissful haze of love, had caused a sharp contraction of the heart. Little by little she felt herself shriveling up-the spiritual woman she had always called self dying of a thirst and a hunger for things beautiful. Latimer had had their little home built before she arrived, and in the style of the valley, a plain box-like shelter of sufficient dimensions to house them. The outside was roughly painted, the inside divided into four rooms by board partitions, the tops, sides, and floors of the rooms ceiled with pine boards. The wife of a neighbor had selected the furniture shiny, cheaply ornate.

Latimer had laughed assuringly at his

bride's protests.

"We'll have a pretty place some day, pet. But now we need every cent for irrigation. Wait till I make my pile."

"But it would have cost such a little

bit more to have had things artistic," she had cried.

"Yes; but it's that little that we can't waste on embroidery now. It's all got

to go in the business.'

And it all had gone in the businessall, down to the last penny not spent for the absolute necessaries of living. Only in figuring the necessities the man did not realize that the "embroidery" was a necessity to his wife. And nothing she could say seemed to awaken him to an understanding of her dire need. With all his love and tenderness for her he was blind to the real state of her feelings. He attributed her unhappiness to a natural homesickness, and expected time to act as a panacea in her case as it had in so many of the women's around them, now smiling and contented.

It came to Helene slowly that he never would understand. And with the knowledge came a mighty fear. The alluring call of the world she had left grew daily louder, more pleading, and insistent. It beat upon her, summoning her with untired voice, drawing her with a force irresistible. Some day she would yield. Not even her great love for him could hold her; she would go back to the land wherein she could feed her starving senses, drawn by a love greater even than woman's love for man, the love of a human creature for life itself.

He must understand, he must, her ter-

rified heart cried out.

It was evening; the stars bright with the marvelous brightness of the desert lay thick against the sapphire blue of the sky. The unloveliness of the day was swallowed up by the magic of the night. They sat on the 4x6 veranda, the man's long body relaxed in a deep content. Tomorrow he would add ninety-five improved acres to his possessions. It was not the mere joy of possessing, but the joy in the status, the feeling of manliness, of worth among his fellows, that the possessions brought. He was tasting his first success as a real getter of money and it was exceedingly palatable. In three years he had become a "figure," a man of mark among his neighbors. He had "made good." And things were coming his way. There was an immeasurable satisfaction in assisting Nature to find herself, then watch her repay man's efforts with the lavish returns that only Nature tenders. He could not get over the wonder of it: the changing of wastes of sands to fertile acres. He had once heard a clergyman compare the eternal Water of Life, revivifying man's soul, to a constant stream of irrigation which created a garden from out a heap of barren sand. It had meant nothing to him then. Here he had thought of it a thousand times. And always with marvel. And he was part of it-a minister not to men but to God's earth, helping it to receive the water which was its life.

He did not talk of this. His speech was of crops and profits and increase in land values. But it was what made the desert his home, the "promised land" to him. It was not the desert about him he loved, but the garden he was to make bloom out of it. There was a note of power, of self-esteem, of prophecy almost, in his voice as he turned to Helene —a note that had never been there when he was a bookkeeper back East.

"I'm glad I'm in this on the groundfloor. The joy of this pioneer work compensates for all its hardships. I used to pity the old Puritans!" He laughed with amusement. "New worlds make new men, and the men are able; that's it."

The somber eyes in the pinched face

grew a little more piteous.

"Russ, couldn't we have the house and the yard fixed some now? Couldn't you bring water down here and let us have a big green lawn, with flowers and vines? And couldn't you have some cottonwood trees set out near the house, a lot of them?"

He patted her hand. "Some day, dear, sure. And we'll have a big cool house built in old Spanish style, with big court in the back. I've got it all planned, pet. It'll be a veritable Eden blooming here on the desert."

"When?"

"When? Not for some years yet, dear. We've got to make the money first."

"How many years?"

"You want to know for sure," he laughed. "Well, about eight, I should "But I want it fixed now, Russ.

Again he smoothed the soft hand. "Sure, pet, so do I. But we can't have it fixed now. It would cost more than we could possibly afford at present."

"But you are to buy Mr. Devoe's

land."

"Yes; but that will earn money for us. And you can earn money, too, dear, by waiting. That can be your part toward our success—waiting, dear."

"Waiting—eight years! Couldn't we have the lawn and trees now? I—oh! I

want them so bad."

"Be patient, Helene. I'm not forgetting my little wife's love for pretty things. You'll have them after awhile to your heart's content. But not just now; I can't afford to bring water three miles for a lawn."

There was finality in his voice. The

woman shrank back.

The following week was a busy one for Latimer. The transfer of the Devoe land to himself, the planning for the added responsibility, the arrangement with hands to till the new acreage, all this absorbed him. He was almost breathless with his constant rushing about and fast thinking, but buoyant, alert, happy.

Helene watched him with heavy eyes and a heart so heavy that the slender body seemed at times unable to bear the crushing load. Eight years! Eight years to wait for a drink when one was perishing of thirst! He loved her and he could not understand. She must wait or—

She turned her ears resolutely against the haunting call. She tried to shut out the vision of stretching green fields, of myriads of trees rustling with cool breezes, of purling water amid fragrant green things, woodsy green. It would soon be Spring. Back home the whole world would be aquiver with new life, a life of entrancing beauty: birds busy with their nests, uttering happy notes; wild flowers peeping out; over all the entrancing mystery. And the sea was there. She could feel the moist air against her parched face. Back of the sea was a wood, a forest whose shade hung thick and restful, refreshingly damp, the

fragrance of flowers mingling with the odor of the wet earth.

The picture thrust itself before the kaleidoscope of burning sand and bristling cacti. Then there came a letter from her sister Adele, saying that she and her husband had come West on a hurried trip and were in Los Angeles. She pondered it, feverish with hope. Then she read it aloud to Latimer.

"Wants you to go to Los Angeles and stay with her a few days, and sends you a ticket? Um-m, she needn't have sent your fare. Well, the change will do you good, pet, you looked a bit fagged."

"And the other, Russ? The—place—she—says you might have with Louis in Annisquam? You could earn more than

enough for all we want."

"Yes; of bread and butter and theatre-tickets—sure, Helene," he corroborated, smiling. "Sure. But that's not enough for me. This old desert has something to give me that's not down on the lists, but that's bigger in satisfaction than anything Louis could offer. No, dear; I've found my place and I'm going to stay here. Nothing that I know of could tempt me away."

Next day he went with her to the station, jostling heavily in the long hotel-barge past the unsightly business-buildings on the two main streets and the squat cottages that dotted the dreary flatness. The sun's rays beat down steadily; a gust of wind blew blistering par-

ticles of sand into their faces.

"Russ," she quavered, "let us go back home with Adele and Louis. Please,

please, oh my dear."

His voice was very, very gentle. "This is our home, Helene. Try to like it, dear wife. The sooner you think of it as home the sooner you will find contentment here."

She shivered with a passion of fear as she kissed him good-by.

"What is it?" he asked sharply, dimly sensible of the tragedy in her eyes. "Why so solemn in your farewell? This is merely a few days' separation, pet."

"If—if—I shouldn't—get—back—" He laughed easily. "You will. Don't let the fear of railroad-accidents mar your pleasure. And remember, stay as long as you enjoy yourself. You know enough people there to have a good time even after Adele leaves. I want you to come back feeling brighter. I should like to see my laughing lady again." He lifted her on the coach of the train. "Put on your rose-glasses, pet. Hear!"

It was February. In a normal season California outside the desert should have been swathed in a vivid covering of grass and flowers. But the rains due in October or November had not yet arrived. All the country was brown, the vegetation crisp and dry.

Helene's eyes wore still their starved look as her sister met her at the Los Angeles station. The older woman gazed affrightedly at the drooping young creature holding out her fluttering hands.

"Mon enfant?" she cried. "Mon enfant?" what has happened to you?"

Helene kissed her again, rallying a smile. In the conveyance the woman chatted vivaciously, interposing her English with French in a way peculiar to her. She was Helene's senior by eighteen years, and had come from Nova Scotia to Massachusetts with her parents shortly before Helene was born. French to her finger-tips, it was her sorrow that Helene was "so American;" also, that she had married an American. She had prophesied disaster. Now her keen eyes peered anxiously into the haggard face. Helene was silent save for a few listless questions about friends back East.

Adele's boarding-place was a large restful house set in a spacious lawn of velvety green, climbing pink geraniums, aromatic honeysuckle completely covering fences and verandas, roses and lilies growing in rich profusion everywhere. The lawns on the entire street were in like beauteous array, the vegetation kept green and blooming by the constant watering of the householders—that constant care which makes California towns so attractive even during the long dry Summers.

Helene's burning eyes swept over it all, a sob came, then another, then a maudlin burst of tears. The slender figure among the vines pressed her face hungrily to the flowers, caressing them, her hands crushing the blossoms wildly

to her aching heart. She met Adele's bewildered gaze with a hysterical laugh.

"I am mad—mad! But, oh! you dear beautiful flowers! you precious adorable green things!—you wonderful, wonderful green!"

The sister's eyes flooded. But it was a week before she knew all the story of those two years on the desert.

"Russell Latimer is one big beast," was

"No! No! It is only that he doesn't understand."

"He is one brute," repeated the other. "And you shall go back to him never, mon enfant. N'entendez-vous?"

Helene buried her face in the flowers heaped in her lap; it raised at length, twitching piteously.

"I can't leave him," she moaned. Her lips pressed the pink petals of the blossoms. "Yet—oh! I can't go back—I can't —I can't!"

Russel Latimer had been too busy the first few days to miss his wife much. At the beginning of the second week he sat at the foot of the Devoe land resting under the one tree. He looked down the road expectantly. A neighboring rancher had gone to town and promised him to bring his mail. Latimer's eyes brightened as he saw him approaching, waving an envelope. He did not converse long, and it was with a sigh of relief he sang out his adiós and settled to his letter.

It was not from Helene, he found upon closer inspection of the inscription, but Adele.

MONSIEUR LATIMER,

Helene is going home with me, her sister, to stay. She is the enfant my mother left in my care, and I shall save her from your barbarity if I have to fight for her in the court. You, mon ami, have kept her for two years without food and drink. Oui; for it is the loveliness of Nature that is to her the life. The sight of the blessed enfant fondling the flowers and leaves and crooning over them is most breaking of the heart. She does it in the starved way that tells more than her words of the great suffering. And you want her to wait eight years for the little wisp of grass about her doorstep. Mon Dieu!

Stay on your torrid desert and bake and shrivel up if it is so you like; but you get my little Helene there never again. When she left home two years ago to go to you she was most radiant—ah! Now, not yet am I over the shock of her meager face, the great madness of hunger in the sweet eyes. Any one but a man blind with greed would have been most ashamed from pity long ere this. Yet she loves you, you!

She does not blame you. She says you do not understand. Well, mon ami, you should understand. I call you a cruel husband, un barbare. She only moans in fashion most pitiful and cries out that she cannot go back. It is not she that says she will go with me and leave you, I say it. And if there is any wrong in it I, her sister, shall carry the blame. But it can be only an act most righteous to save her from you.

Ainsi done, votre amie, Adele Laborde.

The letter dropped from Latimer's hand. He sat rigid. It was time for the water to be turned off, still he did not move. Slowly he arose, his brain in a daze. Staring ahead with questioning eyes he stumbled along the dusty road, the three miles to his house.

It was no longer his own mind in his body, but Helene's. He saw and felt things as she saw and felt them—the hot sand in its endless grayness, the arid winds, the crude houses blotting even that dull landscape, the drear desolation of it all. He saw the wan face that had been raised to his in good-by, heard the despairing ring of the tired voice. Yet beneath, seething through his veins like liquid fire was his own delight in his work, his own enthusiasm over the future of the desert.

He plodded steadily on, stopping only to gaze on their bare little cottage blistering amidst the dry earth. It took him but a few minutes to throw some things together in a satchel and change his clothes. A train left for Los Angeles in forty minutes. And one was just due from there. He heard the barge rumbling in the distance. He would take it on his way back.

He was going to Helene. He would tell her that he did not know. Then he would come back and sell out. They would then go East together.

The rumbling of the hotel-hack drew nearer, then stopped at his door. Helene climbed out, her face still pallid but strangely happy. Trembling, the man drew her into the house. "You came back!" he cried hoarsely. "You came back!"

Her lips met his hungrily. "I—couldn't—leave—you—" she murmured brokenly, as if in apology to her own clamoring heart.

"You came back! You loved me

enough to come back!"

His voice was exultant. That had been the terrible hurt—that she could leave him.

"I love you, I love you," she breathed. "Oh! Russ, dear, darling!"

He laughed, blissful. "Dear, I didn't understand. I thought you wanted the pretty artistic things, I didn't know you needed them. I know now. Kiss me again, quick! I want to get the hack. I'll telegraph to Louis that I'll take that opening. You lie down and rest. We'll be out of here before the week's through."

She clutched at him, her eyes ablaze. "You'll go back, Russ? You'll leave here—for me!"

His voice was not quite steady. "It is good to know that one is loved above everything else in the whole world, isn't it, pet? Ah, there's the hack. Adiós for a few minutes."

She held him. "No! You must not go back. This is your life. You need this." He smiled and flung open the door.

"No," she pleaded, "you must not. If I could have some grass around the house, and some trees and flowers, and later, some dainty things inside—"

He stopped, uncertain, then shook his head.

"But yes," she cried, "yes! Oh Russ, dear, I couldn't be happy to have you give up everything. It would burden me, my own pleasure in the things I had would cost too much."

She raised her arms to his neck, held him.

"Now that you understand, you will give up some of your ambitions to further my happiness. But you musn't do all the giving. Dear, don't make me accept all the sacrifice. Let us both give."

The man closed the door. For a moment they stood in silence, gazing solemnly each at the other. Then she reached to his hat, tossed it aside, and they laughed—a laugh of deep content.

The Alchemy of Time

BY WILL ROBINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MORTON

T was the second day of the Papago County convention. A few of the delegates had already taken their seats, but most of them thronged the committeerooms, or strung themselves like ants along halls and corridors. In a little eddy at one side of the press that surged about the main entrance stood Governor Lindsley, the great man of the party.

As befitted a Serene Highness in the presence of his loyal adherents, His Excellency smiled genially at the members as they passed, and received in return their deferential salutations. At the sight of a square-chinned, pink-cheeked young man, the governor raised a detaining hand.

"I received your note," began the young man, evidently embarrassed, "but I fear I must disappoint you."

"Nonsense, my dear Arthur. Our silver-tongued orator—"

"I am not even a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal—"

"No excuses," said the governor firmly. "We need you. Diller and a lot of his socialistic friends are determined to stampede the convention. You know, as well as I, if Diller is nominated for prosecuting-attorney it will defeat every man on the ticket. Our friends are united for Frawley, but we need six more votes to have a majority. In spite of the shameless truth that you are a lawyer, the farmers of this county, for some unfathomable reason, believe in you, and will come very near doing what you suggest. I am depending upon you for those six votes."

"Governor Lindsley," asked Hartley earnestly, "are you sure you want Frawley nominated? My friends from the country believe that the Court House ring is rotten from top to bottom, and that Frawley is to be put in solely to protect these rascals. I may as well be frank with you. That was one reason I

failed to attend the caucus last night."
"And the other reason?" asked the governor dryly.

"My mother came in quite unexpectedly on the Overland. I had not seen her for five years. I spent the evening with her."

His Excellency looked at the young man in travestied amazement.

"My dear Arthur, why in the world didn't you tell me that in the first place? Mabel and I were talking about your mother on the way down. You might, at least, have telephoned us."

"Is Miss Lindsley here?" asked the young man eagerly.

"Yes, she is in the gallery now."
"I left mother there only a few minutes ago. I am sorry—"

"The oversight can be remedied," smiled His Excellency. "There will be a recess after a while, and if we have this hydra-headed monster in hand by that time, it will be very much in order to have a little family gathering. By the way, Mabel said to tell you that she came down on purpose to hear you speak."

"Governor," said the young man earnestly, "I have spent considerable time in looking into this county-attorneyship. For the past two years, Frawley has been the personal counsel of Goddard & Cowan. Have you investigated the amounts that were paid Cowan for cement work on—"

"Arthur," interrupted the older man kindly, "there is a new custom in politics for which, I confess, I have little sympathy. It consists of a man's proclaiming his own honesty by attaching the stigma of dishonesty to everybody else. I have lived in this world for sixty years, and believe me, there is much more good than bad in it."

"But, governor-"

"I know," replied His Excellency. "I

used to tilt at windmills, myself, at twenty-five. I might as well confess, however, that as I grow older, I find it not only barely possible that I haven't a heavensent mission to reform the world, but, more humiliating thought still, I begin to doubt if the world needs so much reforming, after all."

Again the young man attempted to protest, but the governor would not so

much as listen.

"I wouldn't bother about this, if it wasn't necessary, Arthur," he said. "But don't think for a moment that you are under obligations to me. Anything I have been able to do for you I did because I liked you; because it was a pleasure to me, just as I knew you would be glad to serve me when the opportunity arose. Now that day has come. The opportunity is here. I need your services, and know I can count upon them.

"Not another word. There goes the gavel now. Remember the success of the party absolutely rests upon you to-day."

As the governor took his seat among the great ones on the platform, he was conscious that his usual serenity of mind was considerably perturbed. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." An insignificant, petty county-attorneyship, and it threatened his political supremacy in the territory. But, in spite of this, down deep in his heart, he knew that as much as he enjoyed his position of power, it was the pleasure of serving his friends that dominated his actions to-day. He had undertaken to carry this matter to a successful termination, and he would not fail. Nor must Hartley fail him. What did the young man mean by his finical criticisms? Oh, these youths with their insatiable desire to get out in the Big Road and kick up a dust; with their inspired mission to reform-anything; to overthrow monarchies, to turn republics upside down, and if the old ones do not suit, if necessary, make a new heaven and a new earth.

Here Governor Lindsley's thoughts were broken into by the flat, even tones of the chairman.

"The report of the committee is adopted. Nominations for prosecutingattorney are now in order." A small, perspiring man, in a hot looking black coat had risen, and was launching himself upon a flood of words. The governor listened in amazement as the speaker, for nearly a half hour, threatened momentarily to engulf himself in a deluge of absurd hyperbole and metaphor. With painful indirection, until the closing sentence was reached, the speaker withheld the name of his candidate.

"The party cries aloud for a deliverer," he cried in stentorian tones. "Even now he is at hand, and like another Moses shall strike the rock of graft until a stream of honesty shall burst forth that will wash out the mass of corruption that is feeding upon the body pollitic."

There was more of it, but His Excellency did not care to follow it closely, and waited somewhat impatiently as the orator announced that down through the corridors of Time would go ringing the name of Brutus Jeremiah Diller.

As the little man resumed his seat the opposition nearly blistered its hands in ironical applause, and while the delegates were still smiling over the speaker's antics, a low-voiced man rose on the extreme right, apologized for not being an orator, told a funny story, and placed in nomination Robert Frawley.

Governor Lindsley felt better. Diller's supporters had succeeded in making their candidate ridiculous, and Frawley's nominator had at least made a good impression without arousing any fresh antagonism. Unfortunately, however, for the friends of peace, a third delegate in a speech to second Frawley's nomination, became rudely personal. He spoke sneeringly of Diller's abilities, and indulged in sarcasm at the expense of the little man in the black coat.

The little man retaliated by saying that his candidate might not have the social standing of Mr. Frawley, but on the other hand he had never been threatened with disbarment, nor had he left a shady past behind him when he crossed the Rocky Mountains.

In vain did the chairman pound with his gavel; the mischief had been done. The aisle was full of angry men. The



"I am not even a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal"

most prominent, both on account of his size and strength and voice, was a broad shouldered cattleman in a flannel shirt.

"You listen to me a minute," he shouted. "A while ago a gentleman named some of the deficiencies of our candidate, Jerry Diller. I'll tell you another. Jerry failed to have a lobby like the one Bob Frawley had in the Foster House last night, where two bags of twenty dollar gold pieces were divided among certain delegates to this convention, and they, even now, are teetering on the front edges of their chairs ready to jump up and vote as they were told to by the bosses who paid them for their dirty work."

At this, pandemonium broke loose. At least half of the men in the hall were on their feet, clamoring for recognition.

In despair the chairman turned to the party leader.

"Governor Lindsley," he shouted, "has the floor."

The governor made his way to the front of the stage and waited. When the uproar had exhausted itself, he began

quietly:

"Day before yesterday a gentleman called at my office and told me that certain politicians of the opposition party were plotting to cause dissention in this convention. He stated that a member of the opposition central committee had openly boasted that he would cause a split in our party that would elect their ticket from top to bottom. I told my informant that such a thing was impossible. But, gentlemen, I am sure you will agree with me when I say that the scene we have just witnessed cannot"—here the governor smiled—"but cause unholy joy in the camp of the enemy.

"The history of the past five years has taught us that when we are united, we are successful; when our ranks are torn by contentions and bickerings, we are defeated. Hasty words have been uttered, accusations have been made that to-morrow no one will regret more than

the gentlemen who make them.

"We have heard from the ardent partisans of two rival candidates. I would suggest that we listen to a delegate whom we all know is actuated solely by his desire for good government, and the well-being of the party. I would like to hear from Arthur Hartley."

The cry was taken up, and "Hartley! Hartley!" was heard on all sides of the

hall.

Arthur Hartley rose with evident reluctance, but as he looked into the excited faces about him his attitude was full of dignity, and he faced his audience

with steady eyes.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I yield precedence to no man in my allegiance to my party, but I maintain that no one is a greater enemy to his party than the man who allows it to debase itself by corrupt practices. I believe in the principles of my party, and because I do I want men nominated who will support them. Our party is in the majority in this county. The party in opposition cannot defeat us, but we can defeat ourselves. If we nominate men who are true to our convictions, we shall elect them; but if we nominate men-I will not say who are necessarily dishonest, but whose methods and practices are open to grave suspicion, who, in fact, are neither Democrats nor Republicans, but politicians for revenue only, who use a party's cloak as a shield for vulgar graft—we shall be defeated.

"There is no need for dissension over this matter. Surely our party contains men who are able, competent, and above suspicion; men who will fill the office of prosecuting-attorney with honor to themselves and credit to their party. I have no candidate to offer, but I believe, without prejudice to either of the gentlemen who have already been placed in nomination, that a more available man can be found upon whom we can all unite. And I predict that when such a man is found, we can, uniting in his candidacy, as Governor Lindsley has so wisely advised, present an unbroken and invincible front to our opponents at the polls."

As Hartley sat down, the governor noticed that the young man's eyes instinctively sought the gallery where Mabel Lindsley sat. For an instant they looked at each other, then with her cheeks burning like flame, without a sign of recognition, she turned coldly away.

A moment later the young man again raised his eyes to the wing of the gallery on the opposite side of the hall, and this time the quest was not in vain. A woman's face framed by an aureole of gray hair was turned toward him. Although too far away for His Excellency to catch the expression, there must have been more than passing sympathy in that glance.

Hartley bowed as if beneath a ben-

"Mr. Chairman" — it was Governor Lindsley who spoke, and there was the dryness of disappointment in his voice and a bitterness almost too great for words—"Mr. Chairman, we have listened to the voice of Wisdom. We have learned much. I move you, sir, that this convention adjourn until to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

The party captains and lieutenants had come and gone, and as the twilight closed in upon him, the governor sat alone in his chambers, tired and sick at heart

Indifferently he glanced over some papers his secretary brought from an adjoining room.

"There are the figures, Governor Lindsley," said the young man in respectfully modulated tones of congratulation. "Goddard just telephoned. He says he is absolutely sure of enough votes to win out, and two extra for safety."

The governor did not answer.

"The lady is still here," continued the secretary, after a silence which, on his part, at least, threatened to grow embarrassing

"Tell her that I am very sorry, but it will be impossible for me to receive any

visitors to-night."

"I told her that when she first asked for you. She says she is from your old home in Ohio, and that she was sure you would see her for a moment."

"An old lady, did you say? Well, show her in. It is probably nothing worse than some pension-tangle; or, perhaps she wants that Annapolis appointment for her boy."

When the door again opened, Governor Lindsley rose and looked at his visitor curiously. The face he saw in the half-light reflected from his desk-lamp certainly belonged to a gentlewoman. Her delicate features spoke eloquently in her behalf. But even more than her clear, womanly gray eyes, or refinement of manner, the man's attention was arrested by the coil of hair, soft and white, that lay above her brow like the halo of a mediæval saint.

"Wont you be seated, madam," said the governor kindly. "My secretary tells

me you are from Elmswood."

"I lived there as a girl, and returned there this Summer to visit friends. No, we didn't know each other. I was older than you, I think, and was away at seminary when you were in high school. You see, I know you. Doubtless you will know me better by my son's name. I am Mrs. Hartley."

In spite of himself, Governor Lindsley's manner changed abruptly.

"And he sends you as his ambassadress to explain his remarkable conduct?" he asked coldly.

"My son knows nothing of this visit. He was called out into the country this afternoon, and will not return until tomorrow. It was on my own account, and because of an ideal I once held, and still hold precious, that I make this visit. Governor Lindsley, I wonder if you remember as well as I, your graduating oration at the Elmswood high school."

In spite of his irritation, the great man

smiled.

"You certainly are not going to confront me with my past, Mrs. Hartley?"

"It contains nothing to be ashamed of, governor," said the woman earnestly. "I don't remember the title of your speech. It impressed me because it was so different from the others. You didn't say 'Beyond the Alps lies Italy,' or anything of the kind. It was a boy's talk about fair play. That was the term you used, and everybody knew what you meant. You said it was more important how a fellow played the game than whether he always won."

"Sounds rather priggish, doesn't it?"

commented the man critically.
"Then it is the fault of the

"Then it is the fault of the present narrator, and not the subject matter. When you said it, it didn't sound a bit priggish. Someway I have always remembered that speech of yours—passively, perhaps, rather than actively. Afterwards, when you were at college I knew one of your classmates."

The Governor started. "Billy Hartley, and—"

"Yes, I was Edith Strair, the girl Billy married. Don't look as if you were sorry for me. I do not now regret a single

day. We had our share of trouble, but there was happiness, too. You were Billy's "ideal. You did so easily and so successfully the things Billy wanted to do—and," she added almost in a whisper, "he failed.

"I was going to tell you about the time we went to your field-day. It was in your freshman year, and you were in one of the running You won, but races. there was som ... hing the matter with the way the second man got his start, and you insisted upon running it over with him. That time he won the race, but you won something else, Governor."

"I beat him the next year, Mrs. Hartley," said the man earnestly, "you ought to have seen that race."

"I did," replied the lady promptly. "And still another year later,

I saw you again. This time on a rainy October day in '61. You were with your regiment tramping down Euclid Avenue through the mud—a boy of nineteen, a private in the ranks. Gave up your chance at college to wear an ill-fitting uniform, tramp through the mud, and get shot at. Do you remember Mr. Gerhard, the man you had been working for during vacation? He stayed home and made a fortune in army-contracts."

"He may have served his country quite

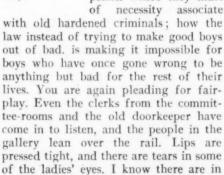
as well as I," returned the governor quizzically. "I was very dilatory in my duties. To the best of my knowledge I never shot a single rebel."

"No, but they shot you. It wasn't their fault the wound was not serious. Billy told me all about it."

"It was all a mistake," returned the governor seriously. "I am sure the man never intended to shoot me at all."

"Probably not," laughed the woman. "And now, Mr. Scrooge, like the ghost that Marley brought up, I must show you another picture.

"Shut your eyes and you can see the statehouse at Columbus. You are a legislator, and wear your first silk hat. There is a bill up-is that the way you say it?-about a reform school. It is your bill, but for some reason most of the members don't want it to pass. Look real hard and you can see Billy and me in the gallery. I am the pretty girl with red roses in my poke-bonnet. You are standing down on the floor making a wonderful speech. The members have thrown down their papers and are listening, every one of them. You are telling how boys are being sent to state's prison where they must of necessity associate





"Hartley! Hartley!"

mine. Now look again. You have finished, and the members are all crowding up to you and are shaking hands with you, and the people in the gallery are cheering like mad.

"Do you recognize the picture? I nearly made your acquaintance that day, only there were so many people who wanted to see you, that we decided to wait and call on you at the hotel that

evening, and then-"

Mrs. Hartley hesitated for a moment,

but went on bravely.

"Billy had an—accident—and wasn't able to go, and we went home instead.

But the bill passed, didn't it?"

After Mrs. Hartley had finished, Governor Lindsley sat quiet for a minute, gazing at the opalescent shade of his lamp with eyes that saw naught but the picture his visitor had conjured up from out of the past.

"Mrs. Hartley," he asked at last, "why

did you tell me all this?"

"When I came out to-night, I thought it was because I wanted you to see my son's position in the light of your own youth. Now, I find my reason is a more selfish one. You have been my ideal for forty years. I could not believe that my idol had feet of clay."

"You have drawn a glowing picture of a young man," said His Excellency after a pause. "I am not sure that I know that youth, Mrs. Hartley. It is many

years since I have seen him."

"Governor," said the woman abruptly, "do you think we ever really lose the experiences, the emotions, the ideals we

have lived through?"

"I am afraid you think so. As a youth I was honest, honorable, patriotic, and unselfish. As an old man—? What is the reverse of the picture? Am I so dishonest now?"

"No, I do not think you are, or I would not have called on you to-night."

"I wish I were as sure as you," said the man thoughtfully. "When we are young the affairs of life are so very simple and direct. A thing is either right or it is wrong. I am afraid as I grow older my vision becomes impaired. I look in vain for the sharp line that has all that is good in this world on one side of it and all that is evil on the other. I am even sceptical that all of youth is good and fair. I am not so sure but that at times

even twenty-one goes astray."

"Ah, yes," replied his companion, "youth goes wrong easier than when age has cooled his blood, but he always knows it. He often goes to the very extreme in his wickedness, but he knows that bad is not good, and calls stealing, stealing, until an older man teaches him that it may be nothing more than frugality, and that lying is not lying but commendable evasion made necessary by tricky competition."

"Mrs. Hartley," rejoined the governor frankly, "that is apt to be true. Some one has said that no one past forty is thoroughly honest. I believe it was an old man who said it. I will admit my crimes, but why, oh why, am I the one you have selected to snatch as a brand from the burning? I confess the rôle of the repentant gray-haired sinner rather bores me. Why do you want to reform me especially?"

"Governor Lindsley, you do not need reforming, and I am the last person in the world to be your preacher. I do not know what the honest course is in this twist of politics, but you do, and I know

you will follow it."

"That is what in psychology is called the influence of suggestion, isn't it?" interpolated His Excellency gravely.

"It is useless to poke gibes at me," replied the woman with a smile. "I could not lose faith in you if I tried. You have always been my knight without fear and without reproach. Not that you have ever worn my colors on your shield, but as one of the ladies in the court of Charlemagne might have watched Roland or Oliver in the lists, so have I watched you. In dark days you gave me strength for my falterings, courage for my disappointments. In memory of your splendid bravery I have won many a sordid battle."

The woman paused and again the governor, this time with his head resting upon his hands, sat in silence, his eyes gazing into the face opposite him.

"Mrs. Hartley," he said, "would you permit a bit of sentiment to a man of my



"Wont you be seated, madam," said the governor kindly

mature years? Is one too old at sixty, when he feels very young indeed, still to play at knight-errantry? Seems to me some of those old fellows kept up the game until their hair was pretty gray and thin. I may find myself in something of a passage at arms between now and ten to-morrow. I am sure I could joustisn't that what they say?-very much better if you would let me wear your colors. There is some white ribbon at your throat. Would it altogether disarrange your toilet to spare me a piece of it? I have some desk-scissors here."

Mrs. Hartley, with tears in her eyes, tried to comply, but her hands for the first time that she could remember, were too unsteady, and the governor gallantly came to her aid.

"You pay me great honor, Governor Lindsley," she said a little tremulously.

"The honor is conferred upon me," returned the man. "This piece of ribbon is the insignia of an order that is more distinguished than that conferred by any roval court. I hope I may be worthy of

"And now for the battle. Wait until I summon my squire. Leslie!" he called.

When the quiet voung man glided in the governor went on very gravely.

"To-night you must see that my shield is well burnished; that my armor is in goodly trim; that my spear is of cunning temper and has a shrewd point. To-morrow we hie ourselves to the tourney!"

The poor secretary gasped. "In other words, Leslie," continued Governor Lindsley, "you may telephone Goddard and tell him that I will not be able to join the boys at dinner, but will be glad to see them here at ten o'clock to-night. Also find our friend, Mr. Brutus Jeremiah Diller, and have him and Billings, the remarkable orator who made the speech to-day, here surely by nine. I will be back by that time.

"And now, Mrs. Hartley, as I take a clearer view of things through the binoculars you have loaned me to-night, I confess that I find Bertram Frawley considerable of a rascal. To continue my

unpolitical and indiscreet frankness, unfortunately our friend of the opposition, Mr. Diller, is probably the most energetic, incompetent, honest, blundering, well-meaning, irresponsible wind-bag connected with the entire Arizona barand that is saying a good deal. However, there are good men in the party, some of them are lawyers, and who knows-

"But enough of that. To turn our attention to a more vital subject, if you have no conflicting engagement, I cannot tell you how much pleasure it will give my daughter and me to have you dine with us.'

Long before the time for the opening of the convention the next morning every delegate was in his place. If any rancor still bubbled in the turbulent breasts of the belligerents it was manfully - or politically—suppressed. Peace, that sorely tried angel, had evidently spread her white wings so effectively that the entire convention felt the protection of her feathers

"Governor Lindsley," said the chair-

"Mr. Chairman-" said the governor, and paused while wild cheering greeted his appearance.

There was a white ribbon in his buttonhole which he gazed down upon with much pride. Some way the man seemed ten years younger than he had the day before. There was a sparkle and enthusiasm about him that suggested twenty-five

rather than sixty.

"It was stated yesterday," went on the governor, when his welcome had ended somewhat, "that without disparagement to either of the candidates already mentioned, a third could be found upon whose candidacy the friends of two rival nominees could unite, and who would receive the unqualified support of every delegate to this convention. That was good advice. The man has been found. His ability is unquestioned; his integrity is unimpeachable. Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to place in nomination-Arthur Hartley.'

On the Verge of the Clearing



"It's the sun-song," he said

enough, or will sound so in the telling. Now, first to begin with

the accident:

though, they are queer

Well, that was simple enough in itself. There, right there-with your hand on the mantel so-that's the way Elwell stood at the time. Of course you know Elwell-yes, Elwell the entomologist. Not that the public knew him very wel!: he was always quiet. But there's no doubt he was a big one. Why, Eichowitz of the University of Upsala named a nematoid after him-some kind of a grub living inside codfish. Elwellmaybe he wasn't tickled when he read it in the Beiblatt of the Zoölogischer Anzeiger; came over to show it to me, "Palyxyonia Elwellia," sticking out clear in good English letters from their grubby German type. His big stoop-shoulders

man to hear it; it's a wonder Elwell's injury didn't get more attention than it did.

As I said, he stood

there, just as you stand now; he trying to explain to me in his patiently enthusiastic way a table of Sir William Crookes' which I had run across in a recent column on spiritistic phenomena. How well I remember the lighted face. the punctuating forefinger as he gave me what turned out to be a most appropriate introduction to the strangest experience which ever befell a human being. Ever, mind you, I say.
"Force," Elwell was saying in his

regular class-room tone and attitude, "of every kind is known now to be merely vibration of the ether at widely differing velocities. All Crookes does here is to spread out the energy of the universe graphically for our inspection.

"For instance, he says, taking as the

starting point of his scale a pendulum beating seconds in air.

If we keep on doubling we get a series of steps as follows: 2 4, 8, 16, 32. So far we perceive these vibrations as shocks—raps or blows. But when these become faster than thirty-two to the second we are no longer able to distinguish the raps.

"To me," continued Elwell, "it's just like a boy drawing a stick along a picket-fence. They blend into a low base note, that is, we reach the region where atmospheric vibration reveals itself to us as sound. Doubling again and again, the vibrations become more and more rapid, the notes higher and shriller, 64, 128, 256, etc. At 32,768 to the second, to the average human ear the region of sound ends, but certain insects probably hear sounds too acute for our organs, that is, sounds that vibrate at a higher rate.

"Just when vibrations of the atmosphere cease to be sound to any organism we don't know. We do know that by the time the number has been doubled five times more, the oscillations no longer make sound but a form of electricity. And so they are, too, up to the thirty-fifth doubling, all electricity of varying forms. By this time they are thirty-four billion to the second.

"Then comes a gap of which all the science we know now can tell us nothing. But when we have doubled fifty times, the vibrations have become over a thousand trillion to the second; and the effect they cause at that speed we call heat and light."

Elwell paused a moment, his eyes aglow with that fine enthusiasm of your imaginative scientist.

"Ten years ago the wisest men said that was the end," he went on, "now the wisest men see no end. There are more gaps in the ascending scale, but now we can name the sixty-first step; vibrations sixty-one times doubled we call the X-rays; and when we have doubled sixty-three times we have radium rays, nine million trillion vibrations to the second, and so subtle that they pass through all solids."

I remember well how he overwhelmed me with that final stupendous figure almost his last spoken word; how I blinked and he smiled, for he knew as well as I did that such inconceivable sums mean absolutely nothing to us.

But his smile was cut short.

You see that hook there. That's where the shield hung—our university shield, bronze on an oak mount. Elwell said—you see what he thought about it—that the university added more to the sum of human knowledge when it dropped that shield than it ever did before. I'll admit, though, that when a five-pound shield drops three feet and knocks a neat little nick in your left occipital bone you're apt to give the incident undue importance.

I stood looking out of the window when I heard his cry and the bump on the floor that followed it. When I reached him he was patting his head with his hand and dabbling his hair with blood as he did so.

Of course I was all commiseration, led him into the bathroom yonder and sopped his head for a while with a towel. It bled quite a lot, but I soon saw it was only a bad bruise, nothing serious, as I thought, and I pattered along words of regret and assurance about it.

Then I suddenly stopped short. It struck me he hadn't said a word since he was hit.

"How is it now, Elwell?" I said.

He didn't answer. He didn't even look at me. His expression was peculiar—a set look of gentle, puzzled surprise, persisting from the moment he had cried out till now.

I spoke to him again; then as a suspicion swept over me, I suddenly shouted close to his ear. There was no response, not the slightest shudder or wincing. Elwell had become stone-deaf.

That comprehension, as you may imagine, sobered me on the instant. I led him over to the couch by the window, and suggested that he lie down. His eyes seemed absolutely unconscious of any impression. Yet there was no ataxia—his physical control seemed perfect; he walked briskly as I led him, and when I gently pushed him upon the couch he obeyed as promptly and impersonally as an automaton.

It was already growing dark outside.

I 'phoned to Dr. Walton of our class in college, "Not returned;" but I left an immediate call for him.

Not wishing to leave Elwell alone, I sent down for dinner; then, as he seemed resting quietly, didn't disturb him but ate by myself on the side-table there by the fireplace.

At seven Walton came.

Walton is still young, short, and clean cut. But he's got sense and he's got imagination; and I've found the latter cuts as big a figure with doctors sometimes as with poets.

Elwell lay with his eyes staring open. Walton heard what little there was to tell, examined the wound as carefully as he could without special apparatus, and then spent two minutes in silent interrogation of the fire.

"What shall I do?" I asked as he

started to go.

"Nothing. Physically he is sound; pulse normal, temperature very slightly below average—there is nothing we can do just now but see what develops. Watch him. And let me know at once

if anything happens.'

At ten I covered Elwell better as he lay. His eyes were still unseeing, but the lids seemed to be drooping over them a little. Then I turned in, half-undressed, there in the corner. As I snapped out the electric-lights the moon glinted in over the snow outside and lit up Elwell's thin white face in such an uncanny fashion that I felt constrained to draw the curtains.

Whether it was the last sight of that ghostly, unnatural visage or the responsibility of my charge, I slept but fit-

fully.

I don't know what time it was I half-awoke, but I must have lain for some minutes in that vague borderland of sub-liminal consciousness before I realized that the intermittent, slight noise I had heard came from Elwell's couch. As soon as that realization pierced home I was wide awake, jumped out of bed, and turned on the light. Ordinarily, barefooted as I was I would have found it cold, but not knowing how the chill would affect Elwell I had left the windows nearly closed and the steam heat on.

Evidently he was at least partially conscious now, for he turned as the light came on and his eyes followed me.

"How are you now, old man?" I said. But he gave not the slightest sign of

hearing.

I sat down beside him. His haggard face still wore the puzzled expression that I had noted before, but mixed with it now was a deadly fear, a strange, uncomprehending terror.

He tried to speak, but in vain. His eyes were clearer, and I caught his idea as he motioned, and brought him pencil

and paper.

He wrote feverishly but readily:

"For God's sake, stop this noise. It's killing me."

I grew suddenly doubly piteous of the

poor warped brain.

It was three o'clock in the morning, as I saw now: absolutely not a sound anywhere except occasionally a little bubbling in one of the radiators.

My experience with insanity has been limited. Remembering to have heard, however, that the most soothing treatment is to be in accord with the disordered mind, to humor its fancies. I wrote:

"Where is this noise? When do you hear it?"

A wave of astonishment swept over his face as he read, emphasizing his previous expression.

"All the time of course. All over."

His answers seemed rational enough; his surprise had seemed genuine. This was an unique hallucination; a man who appeared to be absolutely deaf to complain of a noise that didn't exist. I was at a loss; but even as I meditated, Elwell clutched my arm in passionate appeal.

The air of the room was stiflingly close. Perhaps, I thought, a little fresh air clears befogged diseased brains as well as befogged normal ones. I opened the window near him and the crisp cold

air swept over with a rush.

The effect was magical. Elwell sighed and breathed it in deeply. I left the window open and got a bath-robe for myself and more blankets for him.

For half an hour I sat and watched



Elwell clutched my arm in passionate appeal

him, fallen into a peaceful, easy sleep. Then, feeling cold myself, I left the window wide open and went back to bed. Elwell slept undisturbed until morning.

It was cold when I awoke; ten above zero by the thermometer as I slipped on the bath-robe and closed the windows. The premonitory thumping of the radiators bespoke the activity of the janitor in the subterranean regions below. Elwell was still asleep.

After my usual dip, a rather hurried and splashy one this morning, I found the room still so cold that I decided to

start up a fire in the fireplace.

In a few moments I noticed Elwell motioning frantically.

"What's the devilish noise?" he wrote. "What noise?" I replied. "The one vou heard last night?"

"No, that's the fuzzy roar; I hear that all the time. The new noise, the bell-

noise?"

I was puzzled. It was a quiet Sunday morning. There were a few shouts of newsboys over on Amsterdam Avenue, but there had been no church-bells since early mass-time. Besides, the man was

I looked at him again. Nothing could be more rational than his communications, yet that wild staring look of fear was coming into his face again.

"What bell-noise?" I asked.

"The chimes," he wrote, "like the crashing of chimes close to you in the tower. Can't you hear them?" he added. "Not a bit," I replied.

His surprise in look and manner was genuine. His every action was normal, vet I knew enough of hallucinations to realize that that is one of their puzzling complexities.

"You can't hear," I said. "Watch me

talk." I wrote that on a slip and, as he looked

up, said it aloud.

He eagerly watched my lips; then another wave of perplexity swept across

"I don't hear you speak," he wrote. "You don't seem to hear my noises, and the air is full of noise now."

I nodded that I understood.

"What is the matter with us?" he con-

The seriousness with which he added this struck me as almost amusing. Here was an individual, apparently hopelessly insane, including me in the conditions of his derangement. What could I do? I decided to finger during the day over what little psychology I had handy. Elwell's case, pitiable though it was, was undeniably interesting.

Even after breakfast, which he ate with less assistance, the room was still far from warm. I laid on some dry, seasoned spruce. It crackled cheerfully and in a few seconds was sending out a per-

ceptible and genial warmth.

Poised on one knee I watched it till

it was well alight; then rose.

Elwell's attitude startled me. His hands were pressed to his ears convulsively, his eyes were starting from their sockets, his whole appearance was ot a man in the last stage of fear and acute pain. He tried to make motions, but I could understand nothing from them and handed him the pad. Even then I had to place my hands over his ears before he would withdraw his own to write.

"The noise," he scribbled, "is killing

me! Stop it!"

The man's distress was too evident, but the psychic process or its remedy was beyond me. I hastily called up Walton and hurriedly detailed events up to that moment, synchronizing Elwell's pathologic progress with my own movements.

Walton asked an incisive question or

I answered as best as I could. As I did so I caught Elwell out of the corner of my eye, fairly writhing in agony.

"Quick, doctor," I cried, "what shall

I do?"

"Get water out of your bath-room, put out your grate-fire at once, and throw open your windows. Then let me know."

I began to think that Walton had gone crazy, too; but I remembered his unerring judgment and followed directions.

The temperature of the room dropped many degrees in as many minutes, and with every degree of drop Elwell seemed to recover his normal quietude.

I was more than utterly nonplussed. When Walton arrived that morning I was sitting near the windows wrapped in a fur coat, endeavoring to get the benefit of the sunlight which, climbing higher, was now flooding my eastern bay. I had opened the window on Elwell's left, shoving him back into the corner so that he might escape the direct draft and yet enjoy some of my sunshine. He was dozing, though I noticed occasionally, as I glanced up from my Times, that his eyes were half open and smiling. His whole expression was so sane that I was beginning to feel renewed hope in his condition when he scribbled a few words on the pad which I had left lying within reach.

"Most beautiful music," it read.

As I laid it down with a sigh, Walton

"How now?" he asked briskly.

I handed him the sheet.

"He wrote it?" he asked. I nodded.

"So he's conscious?"

"Oh yes, but not rational," I answered

"Why not?"

"Why not?" I cried. "Did you read

"I did," he said, smiling, and then stopped in thought.

"Music-music?" he repeated to him-

He walked over to where Elwell lay, but the latter's eyes were now closed.

Walton turned to me, his own eyes blinking in the flood of light.

"It's the sun-song!" he said.

I gasped.

Perhaps my blank look revealed my thought and he laughed.

"No, I'm not, too. We're on the verge of a wonderful psychological discovery.

He touched Elwell's hand; there was no response. Then he tapped him with his fingers; the hand only twitched a little spasmodically.

"It's no use," I said, "he has lost all sense of feeling."

"Of course; I forgot."

Walton pondered a moment.

"Curious. Here he is, perfectly conscious. I only want to get his attention a moment to talk to him; but every loophole in the barrier—hearing, sight, touch—is closed until he opens his eyes."

He stopped a moment with a gesture of impatience.

"H-m! stupid of me!"

He stepped to my table, drew the extension incandescent out of the dropshade, and held it close to Elwell's head, the cord just long enough.

As he snapped on the light the patient started with a jump, and the questioning expression that I had come to know so well sprang into his eyes. He knew Walton, however, and in a second smiled in recognition.

Walton seized the pad.
"Do you know," he wrote, "what's wrong with you?"

"I'm trying to puzzle out," wrote the patient. "I remember the hit, then a long nightmare of sleep and pain-most horrible noises. This morning they were gone; but since then the music-I could not think."

I shook my head as I read over Walton's shoulder, but he seemed not a bit discomforted.

"Wonderful!" he ejaculated, "wonderful!" and wrote: "That blow struck you on the left occipital lobe, on a portion of the area determined by both Edelmann and Wingate as sensory centers. How it did no man knows, and we're not sure yet that it did; but what I believe has happened is this: that blow changed something there-broke, joined or tangled-so that now in some miraculous way the heat vibrations of the atmosphere are interpreted to you in terms of sound. You hear heat!"

As long as I live I shall never forget the light of comprehension that burst over Elwell's pale face. The scientific spirit was uppermost; no thought of himself, of his pain, or perhaps his lifelong handicap.

He took the pad again.

"Am I hearing heat, or merely thin sounds ordinarily too shrill for our coarse ears? Or am I hearing waves of those unknown borderlands between sound and electricity or between the latter and heat, waves of forces which we can imagine but cannot interpret because they are caught ordinarily by none of our five senses?"

"Meanwhile we'll all be frozen," said I with mock pathos.

In their absorption my two scientists had not observed the temperature.

"Must he be kept cold?" I asked.
Walton laughed. "Artificial heat seems for some reason to make a noise that he cannot endure—but notice how he calls the sun's heat 'music.' Let's see, a fluor-

spar screen-fluorspar is opaque to heat,

you know."

He explained the difficulty to Elwell. He would indeed have frozen before he would even think of such mundane considerations. But, his attention called to it, he wrote,

"Ice-pack."

"No use," said Walton, "unless you're covered all over. You see, theoretically you should not be hearing with your ears alone any more than with your hands and feet, your skin, every part of your body."

"That's only partly true," wrote Elwell. "That's one reason I think these radiations are on the borderland—semisound-heat-electric vibrations. I do hear

them mostly with my ears."

We soon found that an ice-pack hung over either ear did give him quiet enough to sleep with the room heated.

"What does the song of the sun sound like?" Walton asked, turning back from the door as he was about to leave.

Elwell read and listened a moment.

"I cannot describe it," he wrote; "a murmur or humming without time or stops or pauses, but rising and falling, softer and louder, with infinite variations of chord. I cannot describe it."

"How indeed can he," said Walton solemnly, looking out of the window at the sunshine on the snow, "when it is music such as man has never heard before. How, indeed?"

And with that he passed out.

I find it hard to tell the rest, so pitifully little, indeed, is there to tell.

How well I remember that tingling Winter Sunday; that sparkling, warm, sunshine that Elwell could hear and the jingling of sleigh-bells on the avenue that he could not—uncanny metamorphosis. There he sat, propped up with pillows, his gaunt, childish face lit up with the pleasure of the true scientist, who realizes that he is pushing farther back that trembling curtain, that all around our little clearing of knowledge veils the unknown.

Throughout that long afternoon he made notes upon the phenomena of his own condition, laborious scrawls full of formidable symbols and peculiar personal abbreviations. I trotted around at his behest for book after book from his library—recent books, too, full of these new theories of matter and force necessitated by the revolutionary discovery of radium. And I, humble unscientific I, found an unimagined interest in studying them in the light of the even more wonderful phenomena of which I was a fortuitous witness.

But when I suggested a telephonic communication with the physics people at our big sister university Elwell demurred. No, not yet; just a few days, a few hours, till he could secure more data. Yes, he admitted he wished to blazon the thing forth unheralded, a bombshell in scientific circles; we must forgive him this little quaint vanity.

A strangely quiet afternoon it was.

At five Walton returned, as eager as a boy over his unique case, with an enthusiasm that a hard day's practice had not quenched. How the two chattered—metaphorically speaking—with their pencils.

Physically Elwell was now a well man, his scalp-wound healing healthily, his temperature and pulse normal. To Walton's delight he was also beginning to be able to feel again, providing the stimuli were acute enough. Walton investigated for some moments with needles. Then came more sound-tests.

It was curious to read Elwell's descriptions of the varying notes and harmonies created by burning splinters of various woods held close to his ear. I have seen nothing stranger than the look that crept over his face at the heatsounds of a little spark-coil which Walton had brought with him. I say he described them—that is he tried to, tried



"It was never given man to see "

most earnestly—but how could he do so?

I had snapped on our lights during one of their discussions.

When I thought of the time it was eight o'clock, too late for our own apartment-house service. We had had a hearty dinner at three, Elwell and I, and he insisted that he wished nothing more that night. So Walton begged me to try supper with himself, stating that it was now perfectly safe to leave Elwell alone. As the latter agreed unreservedly, I slipped into my overcoat.

There he sat as I passed out of the door, round-shouldered, alert and smiling; a tender, grotesque, heroic figure; one hand holding an ice-pack away from his head, the other jotting down notes, covering sheet after sheet with observational data concerning his wonderful new music, this real, unsuspected 'music of the spheres.'

So, too, he sat, much the same, when I returned an hour later, his head back on the humped up pillows, that same

patient smile, pencil in hand. His guarding ice-packs had slipped to the floor and his eyes were closed. My first thought was one of wonder that he could sleep with those terrible heat-noises ringing in his ears. But my second thought, as I went toward him, was the realization that all noise was now past for him.

How can I tell the feelings that surged up, struggling in that second for mastery—contrition at my desertion in the time of his need that we had not realized; a feeling of vague regret for something suddenly lost to humanity even as it trembled on the verge of delivery; the sorrow and tenderness of the passing of the man I loved.

I dropped on my knees beside the couch and untangled the slender fingers. They still held the pencil; the writing had been severed in twain.

How little we really know of that vital organism that we call "brain," the mechanism we call "mind?" What little kink had that falling shield snapped to

give us first a peep-hole glimpse into a far abyss of knowledge, and then death? Walton and his puny science had almost failed to realize the one; had utterly failed to foresee the other.

He had done his best. And I, I could but hold the cold hands in mine and read the words that sprawled falteringly to

the broken end:

9:15—I have lost the fuzzy noises altogether now. The underlying heathum which I had grown accustomed to since morning vanished several minutes ago. I argued with W. silence could come with absolute zero, ie., 500° below zero Fahrenheit. Certainly not that temperature now. What does it

mean? Own temperature normal.

9:25—No pain, no sound whatever.
Discarded ice as unneeded. Ordinary sound-sense not returned. I see my hand strike knuckles on wall but neither feel nor hear blow. View my body acting thus like a strange personality. Must read up that Hodgson case of dual personality. See clearly but seems slight haze around near objects.

9:30—See too clearly. Armchair 2 meters on right seems to be growing transparent. I distinctly see shiny part of fender through part of back cushion. This would certainly seem hallucination. Mind postulates clearly, however.

I reason correctly.

Here Elwell had constructed a neat demonstration of the fourth theorem of Euclid's third book, evidently to prove to himself his own clarity of mind.

9:35-No use. Closed my eyes to clear away illusion but see hazily now through the lids. Must have W. get S. P. R. tests for hallucination. Strange lightness and feeling of material de-

9:40-Hypothesis: My sense perceptions are now sweeping rapidly up Crookes' ascending scale of vibrations. For some reason skipped electrical rays; passed day in belt of heat-vibra-tions. Vibrational impulse must be now trillions to the second-(of course feeling of sense perception through eyes is only an illusion of habit. As in heat probably am seeing some with fingers and cheeks). Evidently he assumed Xray vibrations too rapid. Will point out this error. If this process continues where will I end?

9:50—Can now see quite plainly through walls. Two people sitting near window in next room only shadows; iron T-beams show plainly through them. It was never given man to see-

No, never. That was the end. A scientific apocalypse without precedent, without explanation.

I foresaw as I knelt there all the mockery that would greet those who should tell this tale. Would Walton dare? Would I dare to? I heard the in-

credulous, polite scoffing:
"Delirium, of course," I heard them say, "caused by a cerebral lapse; very simple. Unusual rendering of a very common hallucination; interesting, of course, but only to the student of abnormal psychology. Proofs? What proofs have you but unverified statements and disjointed notes?"

What did it matter that later inquiry proved Elwell had indeed seen through the walls, that at the hour and minute stated the couple in the next flat were indeed at home alone and in the exact position indicated by him.

"Tests? What tests did you make," they would say, "unanswerable by the de-

luded or deranged mind."

"Heat hearing? Really, my dear sir, inconceivable as a scientific phenomenon. Elwell, we admit, was a promising scholar; his decease was exceedingly sad; but his illusion shows merely interesting persistence of habitual ratiocinations-nothing more."

I foresaw it all.

What mattered it that Elwell could not lie or be deceived; that Walton and I believed? What were our proofs, our tests, our beliefs? The veriest tattered shreds of evidence in the eyes of the world.

I foresaw it all, and knew that the discovery that had trembled before our eyes was to die still-born. To Elwell was denied the triumph; to us was given only the realization and the memory.

Yet as I knelt there by him there was naught of regret or bitterness. In a day our somber apartment-house living-room had become holy ground. I felt the awe of one who has witnessed the inner workings of God's universe, who has seen that little portion of energy we call "Life" being weighed in the beams of the balance.

I looked at the smile on the still lips and understood.



"Good gun? I've a mind to see"

The Enchanted Valley

BY EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL CRAWFORD

REELING, the white wrack of stars fled down the west, save where a grim rear-guard, rock-stubborn in the rout, still held the dawn at bay.

In the Hueco stage, L. Orrin Sewall, cramped and stiffened from the long night-ride, glanced enviously at his one fellow-passenger sleeping peacefully on the impromptu berth—happily combined of seat, baggage, lap-robe, and mail-sack—which Sewall had found impossible. Thereon as to the manner born, Jeff Bransford curled luxuriously, oblivious to whip-crack, lurch, and jolting wheel.

Weird, ghostly, the giant candelabra of the *saguarro* shaped forth from the shadows ahead, bore down upon them, slipped by and faded back to dimness in the rear.

As it grew lighter, Sewall saw that they were plunging against an enormous mass of mountain, blue-black, huge, for-bidding. The black became gray—brown—pink—but Sewall looked vainly for gap or gateway in the frowning wall. He was about to question the silent driver, when Jeff rolled over and sat up.

"Ugh-h! I dreamed I was asleep!"

he said, blinking and stretching. "Hello! here we are! Say! you'd hate to make that drive in the heat—Look back!"

Sewall turned. The grouped windmills of La Mancha, the last stage-station, were already far below them, so clearly outlined as to seem almost at hand, yet shrunken to toy dimensions. Tiny but distinct, a meager feather of smoke curled lazily above the cook-house.

Beyond, the stage-road, white and straight, dimmed to a line, a speck-The overwhelming desert, nothing. which Sewall knew to be almost waterlevel, seemed now, looking down, uptilted to an interminable slope, along which his eye toiled wearily-up-upup till the far foothills of the Sacremento as its farthest marge seemed the very roof of the world; while, still above, the mighty mountain itself loomed monstrous and unbelievable. The early campfires of La Luz shone redly, palpitant, firefly sparks through the faint thin mists of dawn.

"There's where we started from—those fires yonder," said Jeff pointing. "That's where La Luz gets it's name—'The Lights.' See 'em from most every-

where. Eighty consecutive miles from here, those fires are. Don't look it, do

they?"

They wheeled swiftly up the steady slope of foot-hill, over a road of decomposed granite, yellow and red and golden warm, picked with white gleam of crystal and quartz; so beaten and packed that it was resonant under the scampering, rhythmical feet. Scurry of rabbit, whir of startled quail, perfume of blossomed mesquite; the rank saguarro, the giant cactus, fluted and gray-green now in the clearer light! To right, to left, down the spinning brown aisles of pungent tar brush, there was a flaunting of riotous scarlet like a flash of crimson flame—the smaller cacti innumerable, with ever the modest yellow of tuna and prickly-pear, or the red of the yucca's waxen bells. That was the picture.

Snuffing cheerfully in the cool freshness, the four ponies swung gayly around the long sinuous curves, eluding ridge or arroyo, ever sacrificing distance to

grade.

And now they were at the very base of the Hueco's mighty, prodigious, buttressed, bulk. The hazy crest formed a battlement frowning and sheer, crenellated to a titanic parapet; with upshoot of granite needle and spur, already flushing to a delicate pink in the upper sunrise.

"So that's the Hoo-ee-co mountain, is it," asked Sewall.

Jeff sat up, a malicious light in his eve. All the long road from La Luz to sleepy-time his companion had persistently enlightened the aboriginal mind with precisely worded, cocksure information-more especially crushing current political heresies under the weight of expert authority. In labeled pigeon-holes of Sewall's neat and orderly mind were filed phonographically accurate records of the wisdoms promulgated by Prof. J. Langdon Leighton, of Pharos University-endorsed by men whose names were synonyms of success-full of sonorous words as blessed as Mesopotamia. Jeff had been so entranced with some of the more poetical terms that he had privately added them to his own vocabulary; rolling them in silent anticipation as

sweet morsels under his tongue. "Empiric," "demagogue" and "charlatan"—always delivered by Sewall in accents of virulent and scornful superiority—especially appealed to Jeff as words useful to him in his vocation of broncho-buster.

"Hoo-ee-co?" he echoed. "No siree! H-u-e-c-o. You pronounce it 'W-h-a-c-o,' and it means 'hollow,' like a tree."

"Why do you call it that?" continued Sewall. "And where's the town?"

Jeff looked puzzled. "Why—why, we call it that—well, partly because that's its name, partly because its hollow. And the town's in the hollow—basin inside, like a saucer."

"Someway," said Sewall, disappointed, "I'd got the impression that the *town*—what's the name?—Son Todos was quite

a place."

"Oh, well—like a butter-bowl, then," said Jeff generously. "Saucer-shaped, I meant, not saucer-sized. Strictly speaking, there aint no town. Just a four story settlement, like. Farms in the valley, cows and horses on the hillsides, mines underground and goats in the upper air. Son Todos, where we stop—stage-station, postoffice, store, everything else—was the first ranch, and the valley took the name."

"But why Son Todos?"

"What d'ye want us to call it?" said Jeff petulantly. "'South West New J. Q. Adamsburg?' 'New Canterbury?' 'Versailles Center?' 'Tyre and Sidon?' 'Son Todos' means 'That's all.' Because—well just because that's all. You can't go no further."

"What queer names you have in this

country," meditated Sewall.

"You from Schenectady, too?" queried Jeff tartly.

"Schenectady? Oh, no; I'm from Poughkeepsie," said Sewall, in all simplicity.

The driver choked. "This here dust all the time is mighty bad for my throat," he explained; his first—and last—contribution to the council.

A pipe-line, straddling on crazy stilts, rambled drunkenly down the tangled hill-side to a string of watering troughs, where a few cattle were straggling in. In the overhanging, broken precipice

ahead Sewall now became aware of a shallow fissure set obliquely to the mountain's trend. Suddenly it became an appalling chasm, deep-hewn by the stupendous chisels of fire and frost and flood. Into this they plunged blindly, though it apparently ended in a hopeless "box" a little higher up.

"Surely, there is some mistake!" ejaculated the Easterner. "We can never get up there!"

"Yes, we can. There's an elevator.

rock had opened magically before, then closed irrevocably behind.

"We call this Zig-Zag," volunteered Jeff. "A—eh—a whim of ours," he added, diffidently.

Sewall actually smiled."It is crooked," he admitted.

"Yes. Good thing, too. No snakes in the valley. Break their backs trying to get through."

Another turn followed by a long steep pitch up a buttressed shoulder and



You'll see!" said Jeff most reassuringly.

At the last moment, rounding a turmoil of broken and splintered rock, they came to an angled cleft, narrow, portentous, dark; widening to a wide cañon, scarred and gashed and torn, its cliffs carven grotesquely to dragon and gnome and leering face, spiteful, haggard, importunate, sinister. Turning, twisting, by boulder and gully and scar and cairn, flood-torn wash, abrupt steeps, hog-back, with downward plunge and squeal of protecting brakes, they held their doubtful way, for the solid

a black-lettered boulder flashed them ironical warning:

DANGER!

SLOW DOWN TO EIGHT MILES AN HOUR!

They came to the top in a breathless scramble, bursting through that unquiet gateway, that shuddering confusion of hobgoblin nightmare, into a waiting, waking sunlit world.

So beautiful was it, so peaceful and sheltered, so sharp the contrast with the savage grandeur of the Pass, that Sewall involuntarily broke into an exclamation of delight.

"The island-valley of Avilion; Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, Nor ever wind blows loudly,"

he quoted, under his breath.

The air was fragrant, balmy, a-quiver with bird-song and questing bee. The saucer slopes, though boulder strewn. were smooth and symmetrical in contour, thin-parked, with cedar and live oak and dotted with strange flowers. Cattle and horses grazed leisurely, raising their heads to regard the intruders with mild contemplation. Bands of snowwhite Angora-goats, escorted by knowing collies, were on their browsing way to the herbs and shrubs of the higher reaches. Above the winding road they could see the frequent scar of dump and tunnel, rock huts clinging to the hillsides.

The flat floor of the saucer was a sweeping field of shaded emerald, unbroken save for winding irrigating ditches and dividing fences, and twice grateful after the pale desert. There were no buildings on the floor; the level land, which alone could be cultivated to advantage, was too valuable.

On the lower hill, barely above the floor, the road circled 'round this farm land. Just above it, wherever a tiny rill ran sparkling down from the mountain, were nestled homes of flat roofed adobe or stone, deep set in orchards, vineyards, and gardens. For this, the hill was terraced with much toil to a sort of giant stairway, blasted from the rocky slope. The lower side of each step was walled with the boulders, filled in behind with small rocks and debris, laboriously covered with soil and leveled for irrigation; always with a "tank" on the highest step for the hoarding of water.

"I have never seen a fairer spot," said Sewall, drawing a long breath. "But I suppose, like every other place, it has its

drawbacks?"

"It has," assented Jeff, decidedly. "Real things—beer, milk, eggs, grain, fruit—they have the best and to spare. The mines are good, too—but low grade ore and the long haul to the smelter—see? Even their beef-herds can't be driven across the desert in first class shape. Too far between water-holes. They get the

highest market-price for what they use, but the surplus—well, freight and shrinkage wipes out the profit. You just merely get day-wages for your trip. Then you blow in the day-wages seeing El

Paso. That's about right.

"So there's no money. They're learning though. They're raising their own pork now, which isn't considered a proper thing for a cowman to do. They make ropes out of colt's tails and rawhide, mold their own candles, and let the women wash with amole to save buying soap. But there's no ready money. Everything's bought on time. One week after steer-sale the money's all back in Kansas City. Exports: Ore, cattle, mohair, fruit and raw material for freshmen. Imports postage-stamps, playing-cards, school-ma'ams, and other necessaries. But they'd be the happiest gente on earth only for one thing.

"What's that?" asked the tourist, in-

terested.

"Debt."
"Whom do they owe?"

"Each other," said Jeff, with an explanatory wiggle of his fingers. "Always buying and trading—no cash. It spoils their peace of mind. And here we are."

Where the largest rivulet tinkled belllike over mimic cascades to a natural shelf, stood a cottonwood grove. In its dense, impenetrable shade the stage drew up before the low rambling building of Son Todos—postoffice, store, hotel, livery-stable, blacksmith-shep, saloon adorned with a comprehensive sign,

ENTERTAINMENT WITHIN FOR MAN AND BEAST

Freight-depot, it was too, judging from the evidence of the huge wheeled wagons rigged with chains and stretchers for twenty-horse "jerk-line" teams; each with another wagon, smaller indeed, but still enormous, "trailed" behind. A chuck-box, in the trail-wagons, replaced the usual end-gate; water barrels were swung on platforms built at either side, just forward of the rear wheels.

"You see," explained Jeff, as they sat at a delicious breakfast al fresco, with an orchestra of far-off mocking-birds and the cheerful undertone of broken waters, "You see, it's no trouble to produce here, but it's a long, long ways to the consumer. If you do your own hauling-well, you likely aint got more'n one little, muzzle-loading, four-horse rig. You go down full of freight, come back mebbe empty-and mebbe full of booze. Got your choice of bad or worse. Whitely now, he's got five or six big freight outfits like them yonder. He does the freighting as cheap as the boys could do it themselves. But still he makes money on it, for he freights, as you may say, by the wholesale, and gets retail rates, d'ye see? And he gets his own stuff brought back for nothing. Keeps the teams on the road all the time, no loss for idle plant."

"He ought to get rich," said Sewall. "Well, 'yes. He is doing well—buying some city property in El Paso. But as for actual cash—well, you see, he carries us all over and that takes a lot of money."

"Carries you over? I don't understand "

"He sells us everything we needgrub, clothes, barbed-wire, saddles, everything—on a year's time," explained Jeff. "Sells them, I mean; I don't live here myself. Just come down once or twice in a while to get rested. So they bring their produce-ore, mohair, grain, baled alfalfa-whatever it is-and turn it in on account. He don't buy it, 'cause naturally, mail only coming in once a week, he can't keep track of prices. He just credits 'em with the quantity, sells it for them the best he can, and charges a fair freight. If there's anything over, he pays their taxes for 'em or may-be-so sends money for their girls to come on to get married or to the kids off at school as the case may be.

"Yes-he's well fixed, all right. They don't grudge it to him. He keeps a lookout for good things. If there's a boy that ought to go to college or a young man of energy and enterprise wanting to try the city-why, Whitely finds 'em a chance. But as for cash, he spends it fixin' up things; improvements, you know—a little old flour-mill here, a sorghum-mill there—something to help 'em all. And he coughs up surreptitious for valley-folks out in said world, that's sick or in trouble. There aint many of 'em."

Sewall nodded. "I can understand that," he said. "Prisoners of content."

"So while the old man handles lots of coin he don't keep it in stock," continued Jeff. "Any margin that might be comin' to the valley he brings back in the shape of canned progress—the latest thing in sewing-machines, phonographs, and the like. He's comfortable-same as the rest-and he saves 'em the trouble of thinking. But about all he gets out of it is the fun of being boss.

"Well, so long. I'm going up to see a friend. Folks'll begin to drop in bimeby after their mail. Be good!"

II

"No," said Jeff, carelessly, an hour later, answering Cal Rucker's question as to the newcomer, "not a bad sort of fellow. He'll maybe want to measure the Huecos with his little foot-rule and reduce 'em to grains Troy-but there's no harm in him."

Here he was interrupted.

George, brother to Cal, rode into the yard, coming directly to the "gallery" of Cal's bachelor-home, and to the point.

"Hulloo, Cal! Howdy, Mr. Bransford. Say, Cal-you got any money?" Cal turned his pockets wrong side

out, made hopeful search of his hat, and

shook his head with decision.

"Too bad," said George. "I owe Tom Hendricks on them milk-cows and he needs it. I allowed maybe I could borrow it of Whitely, but he'd just sent off his last cent. Told me he hadn't cash to give Tom Garrett an advance for boring a well over the Divide. I've got a good lot comin' from the boarding-house at the Modoc mine, for milk, butter, eggs, and garden-truck. But, 'course, she can't pay till the boarders pay and they can't pay till Jimmy Dodds gets returns from his last shipment."

"So Hendricks'll nicely have to wait," interrupted Cal, cheerfully dismissing the subject as trivial. "Come along, you

two, and see my pigs."



"Miss Hagan puts Bobby on a burro and surprises me "

They stirred up the sleeping beauties—one white and one spotted.

"Now, them's sure nice hawgs," said George admiringly. "Say, Cal, give you that gun you was wantin' for 'em."

"I'll give you one of 'em for it," was the counter offer.

"No you wont. Tell you what I will do, though," George proposed. "You've got to be gone to the round-ups. Let me fat 'em on shares. I got plenty milk and corn and I stay to home steady."

"All right," said Cal, nothing loth. "Keep 'em till December first for half?" "Help me start 'em!" said George.

After some jockeying the pigs went merrily frisking on their way. Jeff and his host were returning when George came back.

"Hey, buddie! 'Spose one of them hawgs dies? How about that? Do we whack on the other one?"

"Nary whack. I was always luckier'n you was," returned Cal, confidently. ("George's married!" he added in a commiserating aside to Jeff.) "White one's mine, spotted one yours, for better or worse."

"That's fair. It's understood then the white one's yourn, and Spot's mine?" "Sure thing," Cal agreed.

George rode a few steps and turned back again, struck with a sudden thought.

"Tell you what, Cal—I'll give you the gun for your white pig!"

He held out the gun, tempting in its silver and pearl. Cal's eyes twinkled covetously.

"Belt and all?" he queried, shrewdly.

"Belt and all."

"I'll go you once."

Whereupon George promtly unbuckled the belt and handed it over.

Then Jeff spoke up for the first time. "Run along now, Callie boy, and shoot tin-cans. I want a little talk with your brother."

When Cal was on his way, Jeff, twisting his hands in the saddle-strings, said diffidently,

"I didn't want to be too forward, Mr. Rucker—not knowing you very well, but—well, your brother's an old friend of mine, and this is no use to me just now. If it'll help you any—you're welcome. Been there myself."

Awkwardly he held out a crumpled and wadded hundred dollar bill.

George spread it out, regarding him

"Why, this is right clever of you, Mr. Bransford. If you're sure you can spare it—?"

Jeff waved his hand.

"All right, then, and thank you kindly. We'll go back and have Cal stand good for this, if you'd rather. Good old noodle, Cal," said George with fraternal indulgence. "Lucky chap!"

Jeff looked back.

Lucky Cal stood half-turned toward them, scratching his head, glancing alternately at his brother and at the sixshooter on his open palm, his whole attitude expressive of dawning distrust.

"I guess that wont be necessary," drawled Jeff, tone and face of preternatural gravity. "I have a good deal of confidence in your commercial ability, Mr. Rucker."

"Thank you again, then. I'll do as much for some other fellow. See them blame pigs hike, will you? Adiós!"



"Let me make you acquainted with the boys"

"Me for a nap," announced Jeff, as he came up the path.

Cal sat on the gallery, a puzzled look on his face, regarding the six-shooter with marked disfavor.

"Good gun, Cal?" asked Jeff, with lifted brows.

Cal half raised the gun and gazed solicitiously after his departing brother.

"I've a blame good mind to see!" he

said earnestly.

When leff awoke in the late afternoon his host was not visible. He made his way to Son Todos, finding there a lively crowd of old acquaintances. But Sewall adroitly appropriated him and drew him apart. He had changed notably in twenty-four hours, his slightly patronizing attitude being abandoned for one of enthusiasm, informality, and eager inquiry.

"This is the greatest place I ever saw," he said. "I want you to explain a number of things to me. In the first place, how do you reconcile Mr. Whitley's evident benevolent guidance

with his saloon-keeping?"

"That's easy," returned Jeff. "He does that to hold the boys down. He hates whisky some but drunkenness a good deal more. So long as he keeps a saloon, d've see, no one else is going to -not in this valley. And when a man you like, a man that's done you favors, advises you to taper off-especially if you owe him a good deal of money and intend to owe him more-why you're apt to heed as well as hear. Besides you know he wont let you have another drop anyhow."

"That's clear enough," said Sewall. "But, see here," he added suspiciously, "you mustn't play any more tricks on

travelers."

"Tricks?" echoed Jeff, mystified.

"Oh, you're innocent, aren't you? You told me these people had no money. Why, they've got it to burn! Buying, selling, paying debts, trading and giving to boot, and always handing over the cash."

Jeff recalled the solemn political and financial maxims laid down by his fellow traveler on the previous night, but refrained from comment.

"Oh, well!" he said with lightsome gesture, "I told you they had the real thing-land, stock, produce. If there's more money in circulation than there used to be, they're not really any better off than they were before-they just seem to be."

Sewall chuckled.

"Oh you don't fool me any more with your whimsicalities. Your pretended opinions are just part of the characteristic quiet fun that seems to prevail here-like the 'slow down' sign at the pass. Oh, I like it here! The people are the jolliest, friendliest, best natured set I've ever met. No blues or hard-luck stories here.

"I don't mind telling you, in confidence, that I came here to look into Mr. James Dodd's copper-mining proposition. I'll own that you fooled me with your humorous account of financial conditions, and that I had formed an unfavorable opinion of the business-ability and energy of these people. But when I see them, everyone with elastic step, sparkling eye, high spirits-even Mr. Dodd's miners-with the confident assumed air of men on the winning side, it's prepossessing, I tell you. Of course, one cannot allow such things to influence one's business judgment, but I will admit that their jaunty, care-free bearing has impressed me, and that I rather expect to find the mine a good thing."

"Oh, it's a good mine, all right, all

right," murmured Jeff.

"Be the mine what it may," declared the Easterner, bubbling with enthusiasm, "it is a great country! I intend to secure a holding here-shooting-box, Summer house, that sort of thing—and bring out my nervously prostrated friends to get back into tune with life."

"Let me make you acquainted with some of the boys," said Jeff.

So presently they were the center of an animated group under the trees. Cal and George were among the number. When most of the male population were gathered to entertain Sewall, George edged Jeff to one side. He was highly elated.

"There's been the blamedest goin'son you ever heard of," he confided. "You



"I wonder if all them debts is paid"

see, that there bill o' yourn was about the first real loose money around here for quite some time. Our credit's good; we all know each other. We'll pay, all right, some time. We'd rather owe a man always than go back on a debt. But somehow a good debt aint just the same thing as good coin. I reckon every fellow around here either owed debts he hated not payin', or else there was something he'd been a-wantin' bad for some time. Cash made quick tradin'. You never saw such circulation since you was rolled down hill in a barrel, never."

"I tried to overtake a lie, once," sug-

gested Jeff, thoughtfully. "I think I understand."

"That's the way this was. I paid Hendricks. He handed it over to Nate for four ponies he'd bought. Nate turned it in on his store-bill. Whitley advanced it to Tommy Garrett on the well-borin'; and Tom paid it to his fireman. He'd been lettin' Tom hold out his wages, 'count of Mis' Garret bein' sick."

"Well, Tom's man, he's sparkin' Miss Berenice. So he put the greenback up agin Squatty Robinson's new buggy and harness, first throw at dice. Squatty bought a stack of alfalfa from Lon—"

"—That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that caught the rat, and so

forth?" intimated Jeff, politely.

"Anyway," George persevered, "along towards supper-time them Foy boys that's driftin' on the Mormon paid it to Bill McCall for last Winter's beef. Mac got four bronc's from Nate for it—pick 'em anywhere on the range. Nate was so plumb affluent that he loaned it to Jimmy Dodds. There bein' no change, Jimmy just give it to the four men on the night-shift. They put their heads together and handed it over to Mis' Hagan on their board-bill. Miss Hagan's that tickled she puts Bobby on a burro and surprises me with it—the same old bill with a red ink blot on it—and I hereby returns the same to you, with my compliments. Much obliged for the loan."

"Don't mention it," said Jeff, pocket-

ing the bill. "Whitley's lighting up. Guess the boys are going in."

The crowd was, in fact, slowly saunt-

ering by, deep in conversation.

"Really, I don't know," said Cal to Sewall, as they passed. "George, here, speaks pretty good Spanish. George, what does 'que tomas ustedes?' mean?"

"What will you have?" translated the unsuspecting George. The assembly, turning briskly to the saloon, answered in joyful chorus,

n joyful choru "Beer!"

And Cal, most ungenerously, squealed like a pig.

Alone that night, Jeff stirred up the fire, took out the bill that had so prospered Son Todos, looked it over carefully, then sadly held it to the flame.

"Pity it's a counterfeit!" he said. "I wonder, now, if all them debts is squared up honest?"

What Miss Lenahan Did

BY DUFFIELD OSBORNE

THE city "chief" had a way of sending men to get women's stories and women to get men's. He doesn't do it invariably. There is nothing he does invariably; but his contention is that a woman will nearly always talk more freely to a man than she will to another woman, and that a woman-reporter can usually get more out of a man than can one of his own sex. That is why I had the story of what Miss Elizabeth Lenahan did. The reason it has never appeared lies in another queer fad of the chief's. He thinks it wouldn't be quite square, all considered, but I got my space-rates just the same.

It's a beastly grind, this endless working up of specials, because there aren't more than just so many things to write about that are presentably new and fairly interesting. Sometimes you think of one, sometimes the chief does, and it had occurred to him that, in these days, when women are pushing so vigorously

into the sphere of self-support, a good "story"—or, better, a series of stories—might be evolved out of the sundry original lines which certain fair pioneers had evolved: the inventing of long-felt wants, the making them felt, and then filling them. This takes talent, perhaps genius; but it has been done a few times with results quite satisfactory to the inventor.

Well, he called me into his office and gave me the assignment, sketching briefly, in his incisive way, some of the occupations he wished covered. I was to look up the leading exponent in each line, if there happened to be more than one in it, and interview her accordingly. If I thought of any other feminine ways of bread-winning that were worth while, so much the better.

As I went out, it occurred to me that the chief was a mighty decent sort. He could just as well have given the tip to Simmons or Murphy or Bell, but doubtless he'd noticed that I'd been in poor shape for the last ten days: the victim of one of those periods when a man can't raise an available idea to save him, and he'd wanted to help me out. He didn't know why I had fallen upon helpless times. Often they just come, but mine were for what I considered very good cause. There's nothing like suspense and anxiety to paralyze your productive power, and I'd had them, to burn, in a quarter that hit me hardest. Now, the chief's kindness had reduced my labor to mere routine which I could do almost automatically, though I was helpless to initiate.

I looked down at the bit of paper whereon I had jotted a few names and occupations. First stood "Miss Elizabeth Lenahan, Fifth Avenue." I had a notion he'd stated her business and that I'd forgotten it. It certainly was not looking up servants' references, which came next in my list with no names given. Never mind. I had the address and that was all that I really needed.

Fifth Avenue is, as you know, in just about as haughty an office-neighborhood as there is in the city. Rents soar thereabouts, and I reflected that the lady must find her work pretty remunerative to afford such quarters. I'd begin on her.

Fortune favored me at the start, which may or may not have been an omen of what was to follow. Miss Elizabeth Lenahan was "in;" a pleasant faced, middle-aged woman who bore in her personality a suggestion of "push" and "go." She hesitated a moment when I announced my mission. Meanwhile, I instinctively absorbed her surroundings: a rather luxurious waiting-room with inner apartments opening out of it; nothing to intimate her business.

"I don't know that there's anything in my trade to interest the public," she said, at last, "and I don't know that I especially care to have it advertised."

"You must let us judge of the first point," I replied. "The other is, of course, for you to say."

"It's second-hand clothes."

I confess I was astonished. It did not at all fit the appearances.

"Second-hand clothes?" I said.

"Well," and she smiled, "it isn't just that, in the ordinary sense. I only buy from people who are prominent socially, and, naturally, the things I get aren't second-hand, in a way. I sell to the people who are about two grades down the line; you can't imagine how many women yearn for gowns that Mrs. Van Cortlandt and Miss Van Ness didn't like quite as well as they thought they would, after they'd worn them, perhaps once, perhaps not at all. Often they have them imported from Paris without seeing them. Of course the buyers don't know the owners of each particular piece, but they have my guarantee that they're all 'four hundred' properties and that goes."

"But do these people sell?" I asked.

"Oftener than you'd think. Perhaps not directly-always. Sometimes they give them to their maids who, naturally, can't wear them themselves, and sometimes I imagine the maids are just gobetweens. You see, society women are hard up much oftener than you'd dream. I suspect some of them just buy to sell. It's incomprehensible how many rich husbands are awfully queer or mean in the matter of their wives' pocket-money. They'll pay their bills all right, but when it comes to handing out cashas much cash as some women want, why -well, it's easier for a woman to buy a lot of things she doesn't want and realize through her maid, on the pretext of generosity. It's part of my business to spot such husbands, and I think I've got a pretty good working-list. Of course we never speak of the real facts. I let them know what I can use and I accept the reasons they give for letting me have it. I'm talking too freely, I'm afraid, but I trust your discretion and The Era's decent policy not to publish what would hurt me."

While she spoke, my mind was working pretty clearly. There was a good story in her business, sure enough; but it looked as if the really good part of it was just what I couldn't print without damaging Miss Lenahan. Gad! what wouldn't a New York Daily or a Universe reporter give for that list of "stingy

husbands in swell society" whose wives were reduced to such subterfuges!

"You'll be very careful, wont you," she said, with a note of anxiety in her

"Of course I will," I assured her. "I wont print a word you don't want me to, and, if you like, I'll let you see what I write. Only, I'm afraid the meat of it is for the blue pencil, from your stand-

point."

"Yes, I know," she said, and then, after a pause, "There's another feature about it, though, that is interesting, and that you'd never suspect. I call it pockettrove. I suppose we've all sent things to the laundry with studs or sleeve-buttons in them."

I nodded, remembering a pair of links I'd hated to lose and that now, doubtless, decorate the cuffs of some favored grocer's-clerk. Naturally the laundry

women "never saw them."

"Well," she went on, "I have always made it a point to examine the pockets of everything I get that has pockets. There are more now than there used to be, and those people are lots more careless than we are-more careless than anyone can dream. When I find anything -and it may be literally anything-I notify them promptly. Sometimes they send around and say thank you; sometimes there's a reward which I never hesitate to accept, because it's for extra work and care, and, sometimes-would you believe it-they just deny the ownership blindly; would rather lose the things than admit their carelessness."

"That's interesting," I said. "But I'm afraid if I wrote it up it might tend to

make them more careful."

You see, there didn't seem to be much in the expurgated story, and I could afford to be generous.

"Oh! I don't know," she reflected.

"You're very considerate."

I bowed. Somehow I had a feeling there was more on Miss Lenahan's mind.

"I wonder if you'd tell me what you think I ought to do in one case," she said at last. "I found something two weeks ago, and I haven't said a word about it yet. It's different from most of the pocket-trove."

My interest revived and my look showed it.

"You see, it's a letter. There was no envelope," she hurried on; "just a letter thrust into the pocket of a walking-jacket."

"I should think a letter especially ought to be returned promptly," I said. "Yes, but I read this one and—I don't

know."

I smiled. I suppose it would have been asking a good deal to have expected

Miss Lenahan not to read it.

"I had to, to find out what I ought to do," she added, blushing, and then, defiantly, "and I'm glad I did." The explanation did not strike me as convincing, but the defiance was very feminine. "You see, it's one of those miserable society scandals. If I return it, the woman will know I know and hate me, and I don't think she ought to have it anyhow. If it wasn't such an impossible thing to do I'd send it straight to her husbard. I feel miserably uncomfortable all around."

As for me, my curiosity was running riot. I wanted to know the facts and the names, but I couldn't very well ask for them. Miss Lenahan would have to tell me just as much as she pleased, and, besides, any pumping on my part would be as apt to make her reticent as communicative. Therefore I sat silent and

tried to look sympathetic.

"It's a perfectly shameless letter," she blurted out; "full of all sorts of love and devotion, thanking her for something she's done that he calls 'sweet' and saying that he knows the obstacles and that he's a selfish brute, but that, if he has the least bit of a chance, will she be at a certain party and let him look just once into her eyes for his answer. If she doesn't go and doesn't answer the letter he'll know, too, and wont trouble her any more. Oh! it's the regulation rubbish—and to her of all women! The cad!"

Miss Lenahan fairly scintillated scorn. As for me, I sat limp and dazed. Did all men who were in love say and write the same things? If I had made her my confidant, not more surely could she have summarized the letter I had written, two

weeks ago: the letter to which no reply had come by word or sign, which had broken off a friendship of years and had left me reckless of the present and hopeless of the future. Mine, though, had been no cad's appeal to a woman who belonged to another man. Presumptious it might have been, in that I had ventured to raise my audacious eyes to the loveliest girl in the world; selfish, no doubt, in that I had wished her to leave the wealth and luxury which surrounded her and partake of the scramble for existence that must be my portion for years, perhaps always; but these were the worst. It was, at least, the heart's cry of an honest man who loved her and who could not get along without her. Well, it certainly was a coincidence, but I had got myself together now and wondered whether Miss Lenahan had noticed the effect her words had had on

"She is maried?" I said, rather lamely. My informant had stated that clearly enough, but I wanted to gain time and to keep her going.

"Yes, married to a man who gives her everything she needs. I don't know why she sent that jacket to me, unless it's for bridge-debts or something she doesn't dare speak of. Has grown up children, too, so she's old enough to know better."

She snapped her indignation off sharp again, and I decided to risk a straight shot.

"If you want my advice, Miss Lenahan, it will be worth more, the better I understand the facts. A newspaper-man is fairly familiar with the reputations of a good many of the best known men. Why don't you tell me who the writer is? He, at least, deserves no consideration, and, anyhow, it will go no further. The knowledge might have considerable bearing on what may be the best thing to do."

"Oh! he was too cowardly for that," she sniffed. "'Prudent' I guess, he calls it. The letter's just signed 'Arthur.' That's all."

No doubt I turned a shade paler and I supose my eyes widened under stress of this added coincidence. Miss Lenahan happened, at that moment, to glance casually at my card which lay in her lap. Then she shot a quick look at me and another look at the card. Just what she saw in my face I could not say but what I saw in hers was a flash of suspicion and then a hardening.

"Yes," she said slowly, looking into my still wide eyes with her narrowing ones, till I felt myself flushing, "just Arthur. It seems to be your name, too, Mr. Leonard. Perhaps you may know something about the gentleman's reputation, but I'm afraid I can't identify him any better for you."

Here was a pretty state of affairs! My own face was flaming now and Miss Lenahan's face was like stone. Unquestionably she thought she had unmasked the culprit; perhaps that I came there at the woman's suggestion to find out about the letter—whether Miss Lenahan had it, and, if so, to get it back. The worst of it all was that I could not blame her in the least for her suspicions. For reasons quite unconnected with guilt I had shown marked agitation, and then that uncanny coincidence of the name!

"After all, I'm not sure your advice would be very valuable to me, Mr. Leonard," she went on with gathering sarcastic emphasis, "but I might give you some."

I must have looked all of the gaping fool at that moment that I felt, and Miss Lenahan, now sure of her case, shot the final bolt.

"If I were you, I'd take very good care not to meet Mrs. George L. Brandon at any place or any time. I'm going to keep this letter. If you see her or speak to her, Mr. B. gets it, and gets it quick."

I haven't the slightest idea what effect my judge imagined her announcement would have. She may have looked to see me crushed, defiant, brazen, pleading, argumentative—any of these, but never hilariously convulsed.

Somehow the thought of my making love to Mrs. Brandon, in all her latter middle-aged stateliness, was very, very funny, and I lay back and laughed; laughed to the exclusion of all other thoughts and feelings.

Miss Lenahan had risen from her

chair. She glowered down at me. That I was putting up an excellent bluff was evidently her diagnosis. Then, for she was a clever woman, it seemed to occur to her that I was doing it almost too well, and a doubt flickered in her eyes.

At that moment the outer door of the office opened, and I was conscious that

a young woman had entered.

Whether or not it was the subtle magnetism that people talk about, I don't know, but I felt it was Claire Brandon before I raised my eyes to her face, before I even turned my head toward her. My mirth went out as a blown match; I was on my feet, and we three: Claire Brandon, Miss Lenahan, and I, stood at the corners of a triangle.

Claire bowed to me very stifly. Then

she turned to Miss Lenahan.

"I'm going to send you three new evening-gowns," she said, "and I want you to use what you get for them for that boy's industrial class of yours at St. Cuthbert's. Mother spoke of it last night. They're very nice gowns. I don't expect to go out much this winter."

Miss Lenahan's thanks sounded far away in my ears, for a thought had flashed into my mind and borne me with it far from the realms of despondency

wherein I had dwelt.

Miss Brandon was turning to go. She gave me another stiff little nod, but I was fighting for my whole life, now, and with a chance.

"May I walk with you a little way?" I asked.

There was refusal in her eyes, but I knew her too well not to feel sure her breeding would permit no ordinary impertinence to provoke a scene in the presence of a stranger.

"Certainly," she said, "if you want

to."

What Miss Lenahan thought I can't pretend to say, but I suspect her mind was divided, for her bow to me carried with it a suggestion of suspended sentence.

Claire walked on, looking straight before her,

"Don't you even feel friendly toward me in these days?" I said at last.

She stopped suddenly and faced me.

"I can't imagine why you want to thrust yourself upon me," she exclaimed. "You're not a fool."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I never supposed that. I know you don't keep your word and—and—well, I know I don't like such people."

"I've always more than kept my word

with you, Claire."

Her lip curled. "Possibly I dreamed you were to lunch with Grace Cranston and Will Randolph and me last Wednesday. I took the trouble to find out you were not ill. Common courtesy would at least have prompted a line of excuse, and common ingenuity might have worked up a plausible fib. Perhaps you only forgot; but I've concluded mother's right after all."

Putting aside the allusion to Mrs. Brandon for later reference, I said:

"I hardly supposed you'd expect me, when you were not at the Windhams' and did not answer my letter. No answer to that letter, you see, was an answer."

"Letter? What letter?" and her eyes widened. Then, as they narrowed a little, "Lost letters are rarer in the New York mails than they are in novels."

"This one isn't lost," I said slowly. "Miss Lenahan has it. She found it in the pocket of your walking-jacket that Mrs. Brandon took her a few days ago."

"Mother didn't take her a jacket of mine. I've never sent her a thing, but mother spoke of her the other day and I've heard of her work at St. Cuthbert's, and I had the gowns and didn't feel like going out much this Winter. It seemed a pity they should do no good to anyone."

"I suppose, then, it must have been your mother's own jacket," I said care-

lessly.

I was playing for big stakes and it was a hard hand to play, only it seemed as if I held the cards.

"Perhaps she thought it was for her. Her name's Claire, too, and sometimes 'Miss' looks like 'Mrs.' I'm a little surprised, though, that, with all her poor opinion of me, she thinks I don't know any better than address a letter to her as 'Mrs. Claire Brandon,' and I'm a little surprised—"

"What was in the letter?" she interrupted.

"Shall we go back and get it?" I suggested.

"No, tell me. I believe you."

"Just that I loved you and that I was very selfish to want you to love me, only I couldn't get along any more with only your friendship and that you need not answer now, but would you be at the Windhams'? And, if you didn't answer and were not there, I'd understand I had no chance and would not bother you, and that, if it turned out so, I feared I wouldn't be quite up to the luncheon."

"You wrote me that?"

"Such was my audacity, and Miss Lenahan found the letter."

"In mother's jacket?"

I bowed.

"Miss Lenahan thought some fool had written it to Mrs. Brandon, and she didn't know what to do, so she asked the advice of her wisest acquaintance, which was myself, and I got so rattled that she concluded I was the fool—being also 'Arthur.' Perhaps your mother may have had some such notion, too."

"Mother's lack of wisdom doesn't run in quite those lines," said Claire slowly.

"I've always known she didn't like you—or, rather, that she didn't think you eligible enough for me to like—very much. A girl owes such a lot to her mother. Somehow I feel I could never have disobeyed her—even for you—if she'd only play fair. When she intercepts my letters, it's different. Are you sure you want me?"

I've always thought it was rather mean for a girl to say such things to a man in a public place. She's so safe. You can't even look what you feel—that is, you can't, but I did. All I said, though, was:

"I had never dreamed I could be as unhappy as I've been for the last ten days;" and, as her eyes softened, I knew the unworthiness of my subconscious fear lest resentment might be working to aid me in her heart as well as in her mind.

She put out her hand impulsively, heedless of the crowded street.

"If it will make you happy, I'll marry you—to-day; and—mamma may repent at leisure."

I drew her back into the entrance of the big building. "God help my whole life to repay you!" I said, and, then, in a wild revulsion of feeling: "Don't you think we owe it to Miss Lenahan to ask her to go with us?"

The Lost Icer

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

ILLUSTRATED BY EMIL NELSON

THE three of us, being early risers, had the observation-car practically to ourselves at that hour. Las Vegas was not far behind us when we had breakfasted and now we sat companionably smoking. My neighbors were men both well past middle age. The manner of one indicated affluence. He had come on board at Kansas City. It was not so easy to size up the other. He was a small, quiet man, manifestly prosperous, and had come directly through from the East on a first trip to the Coast. The man

from Kansas City was a veteran of the rail. He took no more interest in the country outside than the average commuter takes in suburban scenery. But he was interested to see the Eastern man so interested. It was the latter's first sight of the Rockies and he was curious about everything.

"I've seen so much that I don't notice things the way I used to," said the latter.

"You've been something of a traveler, then?"

"Something? I've been a rover from

Roverville, so far as these States go. North, South, East, West. This New Mexico country itself looks about as it did when I first went over this line. But still things have changed. On the plains back there, this side of Raton, I used to see antelopes by the hundred scampering away when the train came in sight. But even then there were no buffalo; they had gone before the railroad came."

Not long after that we reached the card-exchanging stage. The pasteboards read:

MR. LAURENS CARLIOD PORTLAND, MAINE.

MR. THOMAS O. JACKERMAN KANSAS CITY, Mo.

"That's an odd name of yours, Mr. Carliod," remarked the Kansas City man. "I never came across the name but once before."

He looked scrutinizingly at his neighbor.

"It was long ago-twenty-six years now."

"It strikes me that I must have seen you before, somewhere," said the man from Portland. "But if you ever met a man of my name, it must have been either me or my father-and he died when I was a boy. I never knew of anybody else with the name. Not that my people have been addicted to race-suicide. But for some time the family has been running to girls. Just boys enough to keep the name alive. My oldest is a youngster, but there are four more of the other sort. I never heard of the name on the other side of the water either. My great-grandfather came from Wales, and I have an idea he must have had a cold in the head when he gave his name to the inspector of immigrants, or whoever stood guard in those days. The nearest to the name I have ever come across is 'Caerleon.' "

"Your name has a 'car' in it," said the Kansas City man. "Did it ever happen that you *lost* a car?"

The question had a significant stress. A comprehending light dawned in the Portland man's eyes.

But the question chanced to remind

me of an experience so curious that I felt impelled to relate it at once.

"When you come to lost cars I'm It," I exclaimed. "A man can't help liking to talk "shop," even if it is "shop" that was. You see, I used to be a car-tracer. It was on the old Q. & C., as the road was called then, before it went into the big consolidation. A car loaded with barley, billed through to Rochester, New York, had strangely disappeared; neither hide nor hair of it, so to speak, could be found.

"I had something of a name as an expert in my line, so I was put onto the case. It turned out the most puzzling job I ever undertook. You know, a cartracer gets wonderfully trained in the eve. Of course we know the cars of our own line perfectly and can tell them on the instant as far as we can see-every sort and variety of them, all the little differences that mark them among themselves and distinguish them from the cars of other lines. And we know very thoroughly the cars of other roads also -every mark that specializes them. I used to sit in an express-train keeping a sharp lookout at the car-window. And whenever we'd pass a freight, even when going at full speed, I could spot every car in that train that belonged to our company and tell at once which one it

"Well, that blessed car with its load of barley could be followed up just so far, going its regulation, sober-going way to the consignee. But beyond that nothing at all could be learned of it. It had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened up and swallowed it. No station-agent anywhere had seen anything of it. Our train-hands everywhere were on the look-out. It became the great mystery of the road. In that part of the country nothing at all had happened that could in the least account for its disappearance, no smash-ups, no wash-outs, no derailments, no train-fires -nothing. Everything had been going as regular as clockwork. So it went for weeks and weeks-I keeping my eye peeled and looking in every conceivable nook and corner along the line. Of course I had that particular car on my mind.



** It was long ago-twenty-six years now "

At last it was given up as a bad job. I was called off, and the company settled with the owner of the barley, paying full value and charging it off to profit and loss.

"Several months passed and the incident had been forgotten. Then one morning when I was out on the usual business and had got about three-quarters the length of our trunk-line going east, what should I see but that very car standing there on the rusty rails of a lonesome siding, all by itself! I could hardly believe my eyes, but there she was, sure enough!

"It appeared that the car had been accidentally switched off onto that siding and left near a rather long and unused shed that had belonged to an abandoned

drain-pipe factory close by, long since torn down-at precisely the point where the view of it was cut off from our trains passing either way. The curves of the siding were so peculiar as to produce a sort of optical illusion, making it appear from the trains passing in either direction that there was a clear view from the main track up and down the whole siding. And the track of it being rusty with the rust of years—the switches apparently not having been turned for ages-nobody had had the least suspicion that the car could be there. But the old shed had caught fire, apparently from a spark from a locomotive, not long before our train came along. The wind had blown the flames away from the car, and when we came past, there she stood out

in plain sight! The investigation showed that along near that point something had happened to the air-brake of one of the forward cars in the train and it became necessary to use the abandoned siding for getting it where it was wanted. There had been a good deal of shunting and cutting in and out, leaving cars on the siding and picking them up again, so that in the confusion the barley-car chanced to get left behind and entirely forgotten. Such things occasionally happen at regular sidings and are made no account of. So, of course, there had been no report of this occurrence.

"A remarkable thing about it was that the company actually made money out of the affair. The price of barley had in the meanwhile gone to an uncommonly high figure. And the company sold that

carload at a handsome profit."

The two men had listened interestedly. The Kansas City man said that he was particularly interested in stories of lost cars, and this was one of the most remarkable in all his experience on railroads. But the man from Portland had not forgotten what his neighbor had asked him.

"I think I could match it," he said,

quietly.

Then, answering the question, he said: "Yes, there was a lost car—not pre-

cisely lost, though-"

"And it belonged to the Carliod Refrigerating Company! Now perhaps my business-card may remind you of something."

.The card read:

OVERDY ARCTIC CAR COMPANY THOMAS OVERDY JACKERMAN PRESIDENT

KANSAS CITY CHICAGO OMAHA

"Ah-h-h!!" exclaimed the man from Portland. "Indeed I remember! So you were the young fellow we sent out with that car! A keen young chap you were, too. I never really forgot your name from that day to this. It struck me as in a way a rather odd one when you first came to see us. You had been recommended, I remember, by our head carpenter. I also remember we called you 'Tom.' I even recollect the 'O.' in your name; we were fitting out the car in

the Boston & Maine shops ard one of the hands would insist on calling you 'Mr. O'Jackerman.' Well, it's strange enough we should meet here and now after all these years. I often wondered whatever became of you."

Turning to me he explained:

"You see, I had patented a new idea in refrigeration and had organized a company. We soon built up a handsome business. Then, after we had run along a few years, it occurred to me that there ought to be a big field for us on the railroads. So we built that car to demonstrate the principle. It cost us something over seven thousand dollars, all told. We spared no expense to make a first-class job of it."

"You bet I appreciated that!" said the

Kansas City man.

"But from the time that car pulled out from Portland on the express-freight for Boston, loaded with green peas picked that day, we never saw that car again, nor our friend here, either. But it was a success from the start. Green peas were well past in Massachusetts and the load got to market in prime condition, bringing a fancy price. It was evident we had struck a fine thing. From Boston our car started West, taking a load of fresh halibut to Chicago. We heard from our man pretty often at first. Everybody was pleased with the showing our car made. It was interesting the way your reports of the various sorts of cargo came in," he said, turning to Jackerman. "How we used to look for them! You had a free hand, and you tested it on about everything that could be thought of, from Blue Point oysters to Rocky Mountain venison. I want to tell you now you did it up well!"

Then to me:

"But at last, not only did the reports stop coming in but we heard nothing further from our man. The last report had been made—let me see: yes, 'twas that lot of sweet potatoes from Atlanta to Milwaukee. After that, solid silence!"

"I could have traced your car for you

easy enough," I remarked.

"We didn't want to! what was the use? It might have cost us more than the car was worth if we had tried to get it

back. It was doing us more good where it was. We used to hear of it every now and then—one time perhaps somewhere in the South, again in the Northwest, next in Texas. 'Carliod Refrigerator Company' was painted in big letters on its varnished scarlet sides and it advertised us all over the country, just as we wanted it to. And, especially as things turned out, what more could we have desired?"

"I want to tell you now," said the Kansas City man, "that I always kept her up slick and clean; that varnish never got a chance to wear dull. No brassmounted old hand-tub ever had better care. She looked as fine as a Pullman. And say, Carliod, I'll own up I made off with your car; peace to its ashes! But truly—suppose you should call for an accounting at this late day; don't you think, all things considered, that the balance-sheet would show us standing just about even?"

The drop into familiar address was not displeasing to Carliod. The erstwhile employe was now a magnate of no ordinary standing.

"I am glad to say you are right," he replied, with a little laugh. Then meditatively: "'Overdy,' 'Overdy!' I couldn't well have forgotten that name any more than you mine. But I never connected it up with that 'O.' in your name."

Jackerman chuckled. "Of course not! But now let me tell you all about it."

And he went on with a frank heartiness of speech.

"You remember how I had contracted with you for four months on a tryeighteen dollars a week and found. But you people never got any bills, nor 1 any remittances. There was no need of either. It was easy enough to pay myself and find myself. When the four months were up I had got well broken in the business. And I liked it. Also I began to see what was in it even better than you people—what big possibilities there were. And I made up my mind to go in on the thing, and on the ground floor at that. No more eighteen and found for me! The way I was seeing the world had widened my horizon and given me a new outlook. Roaming all over the States had opened my eyes to what might be made of a business with a field that covered all the States.

"My father was an old sea-captain, and I was running my car just as he used to run his ship. He would sail from port to port all over the world, picking up cargoes here and there wherever the best rates might offer. Your tramp-steamer does the same thing today. The Carliod was a ship of the rail, a tramp freight-car. I went pretty near everywhere: from Chicago with packing-house products down South; from the South back with vegetables, fruits, etc.-strawberries, early tomatoes, pieplant, lettuce, Georgia peaches, and the like. In the same way I took in California and Oregon. I tell you, it paid! The icing-up was expensive at some points, but I always managed it. There were not only the cargo-profits, but the mileage-receipts. All this gave me a practical training in the business. I kept the accounts carefully, intending when the time came to be ready for you and I enjoved the life."

Turning to me he explained:

"You see, it was not merely a refrigerator-car-an 'icer,' as the train-hands used to call them in those days. I never got more attached to a home than I did to that snug little living-compartment built at one end of the 'Carliod.' Those Portland folks did themselves proud with that nice hardwood finish, and the furnishing of the table and chairs, a good double berth that folded up out of the way like a Pullman's, and a combination heater and cook-stove. I often made friends with the train-hands, and when there was a fellow I took a social liking to, I'd take him in and we'd have a nice sociable voyage together. I wasn't particularly strong as a cook. The stove used to come in pretty handy, though, when at meal-time I found myself miles from an eating-place, or when the hog-andhominy diet along the line got too mo-

"But when she came it was different with that stove, and also with a few other things. That was a blessed happening! I was on a trip from Baltimore west. I had a load of canvas-backs and terrapin,



"She sat in the open door of the car embroidering"

bound for Omaha-supplies for the banquet of a national convention of commerical travelers to be held there. Those fellows know what good feed is, and the Omaha folks were bound to give it to them. At a little way-station in Ohio our train-a fast freight, as usual-was held up for some hours by a bad wreck ahead. While I loafed about the station to kill time I noticed a girl pacing up and down the platform with a disconsolate air, apparently in some sort of trouble. All the time she had a resolute carriage, although now and then a sob would escape suppression. She was of the fine Northern type: eyes like a clear sky in Summer, hair like fresh morning sunshine, cheeks like June roses—and such a figure! I can see her now just the way she looked then.

"The sight of her that way touched me in a tender spot. I stepped up and asked what the trouble was—and could I help? She looked at me sort of shy and afraid at first. Then, seeing my sympathetic look, she told me her story, speaking brokenly. It apeared she had come over from Sweden the year before and had been in service near Boston. Her brother in Nebraska had been doing so well that he sent for her to come to him. Some relations were coming on a Hamburg-

American steamer to Baltimore. So he thought it best for her to join them there and come west with them. At Wheeling there had been some delay and the party stepped out for a little exercise along the platform. When the starting-signal was given there was a scramble to get aboard. Some pushing women elbowed in between her and her relations and by mistake she got into the coach standing nearest. It belonged to a local that pulled out just after the express.

"One of her cousins had her ticket and all her money except a little change, she having been fearful of losing it. The express went on and the wreck—a ditched freight—occurred behind it and kept the local back. The local went off on a little branch at this station, the conductor dropping her here and advising her to get forward on the main line as best she might. But the express was now hours ahead and there was no way of

catching up with it.

"Her brother had arranged to meet the party at Omaha. On the spur of the moment I said I was bound for Omaha and I told her I would see her through all right. At that she brightened up and I took her up the track to my quarters, telling her to make herself perfectly at home there-I would look out for myself somehow. The station-agent was busy farther up the yard, looking after a couple of box-cars just switched in. The train-hands looked big-eyed when I went past their caboose with the girl and put her on board my car. But I went straight back and told them all about it. They looked at the matter in the right American way; they said they would do their prettiest to help me get her through all right and would pass the word along to the connecting crews. But there were two or three of them that looked at each other and grinned when they thought I wasn't looking.

"It was a couple of hours more before our train got its orders to go ahead. Just before we started up I looked in to see how she was getting on, half expecting to find her all disconsolate. But she was giving some finishing touches to a general tidying up. I would hardly have recognized the old quarters. The stove was nicely blacked and polished, the dishes, all clean and bright, were neatly arranged in the locker, the little table was spread with a clean towel and on it were laid some magazines I had brought along to read. And the mussy bed, that I had never taken much trouble with, was made up beautifully smooth. Of course I was very much surprised and pleased, and I praised the looks of things. Then I went back to the caboose after saying I would look in at the next stop, along towards six o'clock, when we would reach the end of that freight-division.

"When I came back what had she done but got supper ready! The table was prettily set, and she had made the best out of the stores in the locker. There were some crisp and tender corn-meal griddle-cakes, done a golden brown, and a big Swedish omelette. I had never tasted anything like it before; it still makes my mouth water to think of it. And such coffee!

"Well, we changed crews at that station and I arranged to bunk back in the caboose. The next morning there was a breakfast to correspond. The quarters looked so pleasant and domestic-like that I began to think I never could bear to see them going back to the old slouchy shape, as I knew they would. Our two meals together had made us pretty well acquainted. At first we both had been rather shy of each other, because of the curious situation. But I began to feel that as a matter of course she belonged in the place. Along in the forenoon, when we stopped for a while at a station, she bought some things at a little shop across the way. Then she sat in the open door of the car, embroidering something or other with a nice design in black and red. It was fine to look at her.

"As I looked it seemed as if the little cabin were all her own, as well as mine. Suddenly an idea struck me all of a heap. 'Why not?' I asked myself. So I went straight up to her and asked her. I said first that it would not be so very long before a fast freight would bring us to Omaha and that I could not bear to think of its being so soon and how lonesome it would be afterwards. Then I asked if she didn't think it would be a good idea

to make a wedding-journey out of the rest of the trip.

"She looked sort of perplexed, not comprehending at first what I meant, for she was not up in English of that kind. Yet she saw I meant something unusual. But when I attempted to explain she understood my stammering and my violent blushing better than she did my words. She had already learned that she could trust me. And what more does a woman want in a man-the other conditions being all right? I read my answer in the comprehending light that came into her eyes, in the happy smile with which she looked up to me and then she looked about her in a way that made the snug nest her own-our home, and herself the mistress of it.

"I lost no time in letting the crew know how it was, and that I would have no further occasion for the hospitality of their caboose. At the next stop, an important junction-point, there was to be a considerable stay, with much car-shifting. So we looked up the nearest minister and got him to come to the train. In our nice little cabin he made us man and wife; the conductor was best man, the engineer gave the bride away, and the rest of the crew stood looking on. All hands insisted upon chipping in for a

nice present to the bride. "What a wedding-supper Sigrid got up for all hands that night! It was served in the caboose when we got to the end of the division. I drew on the canvasbacks for the main dish, and nothing more satisfying to the palate was ever tasted. The terrapins were safe enough; not one of us could have been induced to touch turtle in any shape if we knew it; we would as soon have eaten snakes or hop-toads. The men had wired ahead for the wedding-present and it was on hand for the supper: a dozen silver spoons. It was lucky to be born with them in the mouth, it was explained; so they were selected with reference to future contingencies. But since three sorts of ice-cream had been ordered in the same telegram the spoons were at once

"I wired to Sigrid's brother when to look for his sister. So when we got to Omaha he and the other relations were on hand to meet her. It took them by surprise to find her a bride. He was a levelheaded young fellow and he took it in good part. He is now our manager for Omaha.

"Our honeymoon was passed on the rail, not only westward bound, but continued south-eastward on the back trip, bringing us up appropriately in the orange-blossom country. We had a cargo of fresh beef for the Florida winterresorts, taking oranges back. Sigrid made a bower of delight of the compartment. It was cosy enough with chintz curtains for the windows and the berth draped in stuff of the same pattern. Pots of geraniums at the windows gave a cheery look.

"Those were happy months. We lived on the fat of the land, for we had the big refrigerator to draw upon. When we loaded up at the great meat-centers we had the choicest cuts, and on the way from the South there was always something nice in the way of fruit and vegetables. I had an understanding with the shippers about such things and accounted for what I used.

"Our first-born came near seeing the light on the rail. You must have heard of Overdy Jackerman, Yelvard '05—the best quarterback the college eleven ever had."

"Sure!" said Carliod. "I saw the big game myself. The way that boy played was a wonder. And he looked like a young Berserker."

"I don't know what you mean by that. Is it French for Berkshireman? Naturally you did not associate his name with your old refrigerator-car man. He was a wonder, sure enough. And to-day he is a good solid fellow in the old man's business. No nonsense about him. There are some more of the same breed. For I must tell you that most of those spoons have found second owners. We could afford the luxury. And such a family!

"All the time some men who knew what they wanted had been getting more and more interested about our car. Whenever we came to Kansas City they would come to look it over. They would discuss its points and plan how to de-



"How we had grown to love that snug little home"

velop a big business. Finally I got the thing all shaped up to my liking, ready for definite action when I returned from Atlanta. Our trip south that time was from Cincinnati with a load of prime Ohio mutton.

"But we never got to Atlanta. We were due the next morning. It was in the middle of the night along there among those hills in northern Georgia that are now all covered with peach-orchards. We woke with a start. We heard a frantic yelling outside; the train had stopped, and a tremendous glare lit up the pines.

"'Get out for your lives!" they were shouting, and were pounding the door. We grabbed what clothing we couldalso the canary and that box of spoonsand were on the ground in a moment, with not a second to spare. A car next to ours was all ablaze. It was loaded with cottonseed; early in the evening it had been taken on back in Tennessee. The refrigerator-end of our car was next to it. and was already on fire. The cottonseed burnt with a greasy sizzle—and hot! Our car burnt easy as an old ice-house. Soon there was a lot of roast mutton going to waste, the tallow flaming up in sheets of light. For two or three minutes the living-end of the car remained untouched. The geraniums at the windows made a fairy scene in the firelight, and their red and white clusters smiled a cheery good-by to us. At that moment they seemed like dear old friends. We could not bear to see them die; with tears in our eyes we turned and watched the reflected glow flickering on the hillsides. A few minutes more and all that was left of the poor old 'Carliod,' as we called her, was a heap of ashes and some iron scraps. How we had grown to love that name and the snug little home it stood for! Among the air-castles I had been building was one of a big central office in a nice yard with grass and flower-beds. And there in that yard the dear old car that meant the beginning of all the good luck was to have a place of honor-just as that queer little locomotive, the old 'General,' stands in a corner of the Union Depot at Chattanooga to remind us of the history it helped make in the old war-days.

"That trip back to Kansas City gave us our first experience in a Pullman after our thousands of miles by rail! We preferred the 'Carliod.' You'll be interested to know that our second boy is named Carliod. Carl! for short makes it easy. He's at Yelvard now, in his freshman year."

"Good enough!" cried the Portland man. "I shall certainly look up my name-

sake when I get back home."

Jackerman went on:

"Well, when I reached Kansas City I found my men waiting for me and eager to make terms. You certainly remember all about the option that was taken on your railroad-rights for the Carliod patents."

"That is something I wouldn't be likely to forget," answered Carliod.

"The fact is, I took pains to get the option some weeks before those people began to talk business. I did it through an attorney, so my name did not appear. Having everything in my hands I was in a position to make good stiff terms for myself. And now I'd like to know, Carliod: In what was offered, wasn't your side of the trade looked out for all fair and square?"

"More than that! When our people fitted out that car we never dreamed of getting such terms. We fairly jumped at the offer; it was so good that we trembled for fear the option wouldn't be

taken up."

"And my crowd was so afraid somebody else might get in ahead of them they were glad enough to come in on a forty nine per cent. basis, leaving control with me. They appreciated how the old 'Carliod' had been making good all those months. I had all the figures down fine, and vouchers for everything.

"But there's no use of my saying anything more. Everybody knows where the Overdy Company is to-day. The name, you see, came from my mother's family—my middle name. It was a notion of

mine."

"So that's how we lost run of you!" remarked Carliod. "We hadn't the least idea that that young Jackerman had had the remotest thing to do with our streak of good luck."

At Albuquerque Jackerman left us to go on to El Paso.

"Good-by, Carliod, old man!" he said heartily. "I'm tremendously glad we've come together once more—and in this fashion. I know you'll take to my Carl. He's as good as Ovy—in another way. You'll never be ashamed that he has your name. But before you see him you'll probably come across me at Winnipeg when you get around there next May. Now I'm not forgetting that 'twas you who gave me my start."

Then, confidentially in Carliod's ear: "Buy Overdy common! There's something doing."



Compensations

BY W. H. G WYNDHAM MARTYN

ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLPH TREIDLER

A SMALL and somewhat shabby man of middle age pursued his aimless way down Sixth Avenue on an evening when the theatrical season was at its height. After a prolonged gaze into the windows of a cheap clothing-store, which was called by an exquisite but unconscious sarcasm, a "misfit parlor," he crossed into Broadway and observed with a show of interest that the playhouses were disgorging their crowds.

Streams of commuters, thinking of last trains and early breakfasts, made their frantic ways to street-corners and waved supplicating hands at haughty motormen who disregarded them. Country cousins walked gravely along with eyes in the air for the wonder of the aërial advertisements, and other eager souls hurried by making for their favorite restaurants. And it seemed to the small shabby man, that they all-supplicating commuters, country cousins, and eager souls-conspired to trample upon him; to impress weighty heels on his toes and generally regard him as an obstacle to be swept from the path at all costs.

His looks of high indignation, his muttered exclamations over the clumsiness of pedestrians availed him little; and when, finally, a tall, fat man swept him into the doorway of one of New York's most famous restaurants as he rushed past, he arose and shook his fist with rage. A liveried porter, whose duties as door-opener gave him excellent opportunity for witnessing this outburst, moved forward with the intention of requesting the shabby man to efface himself.

"Now then," he called sharply, "none of that here!"

The small man drew himself to what eminence his sixty-three inches would command with a dignity that Nature has very wisely allowed only to men of small stature.

"My man," he answered, "I am a patron of this establishment, and unless you attend to your duties by opening the door for me I shall report you to the management."

The unkind scrutiny to which the small man's costume was subjected by the porter as, reluctantly, he did his bidding, although an ample revenge, did not affect the other's bearing as he strode into the brilliant saloon, and on to a small, secluded table. One or two waiters looked at him curiously; for although evening-dress is by no means indispensable in Manhattan's restaurants, what right minded waiter could bring himself to regard with respect a man dressed dingily in a brown lounge-suit, and his shoes down at heel? Waving a waiter away, under the pretense of selecting from the carte, the small man went carefully through his pockets and found with a sigh of relief that he had almost a dollar in small change.

"A club-sandwich and black coffee," he said to the waiter, beckoning that functionary with an imperious gesture.

It was only natural that so inconsiderable an order should take a long time to execute, and he had leisure to observe his neighbors, with whom, despite his statement to the porter at the door, he had never rubbed shoulders before. He observed their lavish display of jewels and the opulence of their furs; and the spectacle of a man who had been entertaining a party of three, giving a tip of ten dollars to his waiter, aroused in him a temporary feeling of alarm. Could it be possible, he asked himself, that in such an establishment he could order anything for fifty cents? The carte reassured him, and he found that with the coffee his liabilities did not exceed seventy-five cents. It represented two days' meals, but what was that to his self-respect and his rebuke to the churlish porter?

Secure in his financial adequacy, he began to enjoy himself amazingly. This was the restaurant favored of the wealthy New Yorker and had been the scene of the riotously extravagant dinners to which the yellow journals devoted much space, and the popularity-hunting

preachers much obloquy.

"Millionaires, all millionaires!" he muttered and regarded his club-sandwich, which was hidden from view by a lordly silver dish, with much disfavor. A club-sandwich, when the young man at the next table had given the waiter a ten dollar tip!

During the process of its engorge-

ment he watched this young man closely. He saw that although the two women and the man who had made up the party had gone, the young man ordered another bottle of champagne and a large cigar whose label was a blaze of red and gold glory.

Presently the continued scrutiny annoyed the young man, and he frowned heavily at his inquisitive neighbor who, for the moment, turned his attention elsewhere. But, try as he would, his eyes wandered back to him and his champagne, his cigar, and the rose diamond scintillating on his finger. Had the young man known the innocent pleasure he was affording his shabby neighbor he never would have grudged

him his simple enjoyment.

But it happened that the lady, who with her mother and lawyer had been in dining with him, had told him very definitely that breach of promise proceedings were at once to be instituted. By this simple process, her press-agent argued, her value to managers of vaudeville circuits would be doubled. Now, his millionaire parent was tired of notoriety, and had threatened that if he were dragged into public gaze again in an unpleasant light there would be trouble.

It was in this unsettled mood that young Viner's soul protested against undue scrutiny. It had been made plain to him that his doings of late had been reported to the breach of promise lady by detectives, and he had threatened, under breath, to punish the first of them he caught.

All unsuspecting, the little man in brown wove airy fancies as to what he would do if Fate allowed him to fling ten dollar bills to obsequious hirelings.

He came back to his club-sandwich existence when Viner said, in a very distinct, penetrating voice to his waiter,

"What's that little scarecrow staring

at me for?"

The waiter's answer was lost in the rush of indignation that swept over the little man. A scarecrow! And he in the dim past had played Romeo in small theatres in obscure states and had, framed and hung up in his hall-room, a notice which said that he both looked and acted the part in a manner which

would have assured Shakespeare, had he witnessed it, that he had not lived in vain!

In that bitter moment he almost longed to shake hands with a leader in nihilism. Surreptitiously he took his small change from his pockets and counted it over again. A shock awaited him. One of his two "quarters" was a franc that had been given him by some

car-coninfamous ductor! A hasty calculation showed him that, allowing for its instant detection, he would be five cents short. He looked up almost pathetically, and the waiter, taking it as a signal that his repast was finished, swept up to him. The little brown man felt he must fight for time to think over this unhappy combination of circumstances.

"I haven't finished yet," he said apologetically.

The waiter glanced at the crumbs, and then noticing one small piece of lettuce which had escaped from the sandwich, remarked satirically, "I didn't notice your salad, sir."

A spirit of revolt arose in the shabby *Romeo* and he glanced fiercely from the waiter to the spendthrift who gave such men ten dollar bills.

Viner rewarded his glance by writing the following on a card and sending it to him by the waiter.

If you are a detective and attempt to follow me I'll knock the stuffing out of you.

Underneath was the name, Dawson B. Viner, Jr.

Dawson B. Viner!

He remembered instantly this was the

name on every packet of a certain condensed food, with which, if its advertising literature were veracious, one might sustain existence indefinitely at a cost of three and one-third cents per day. And more than that, one might regain lost looks and health.

These reflections passed rapidly, for, after all, they had no important bearing on his depleted exchequer. In his

agitation and doubt as to whether he dared pass the franc, he consumed h is "salad." The watchful waiter swooped down on him again and looked doubtfully at a crumb of bread before removing it.

But his sarcasm was lost as its victim rose without undue haste and moved over to the table from which the card

"Sir," said the small man in brown, "my name is Lee— James J. Lee."

"Indeed?" remarked Viner. "And your business with me, Mr. James J. Lee?"

"I have no business with you," returned Mr. Lee.

"Then why not," the other waved his

hand in the direction of the door, "if you have finished your—your dinner, get out?"

Mr. Lee took a seat gracefully and leaned his elbows on the table. He thanked a kindly Fate that the Chinamen who irregularly looked after his laundry had a generous instinct and had trusted him to the extent of his week's washing. Dawson B. Viner's cuffs were not cleaner than his own.

"I am concerned," he said after a pause, during which he had seen anger depicted in the face of his vis-à-vis and



He shook his fist with rage

expectation on that of the implacable waiter, "I am concerned with the laws of compensation."

"I am afraid," retorted Viner, "that

I am not."

"I am concerned with you," said Lee. "That's another matter," replied Viner, "although why you, who say you



He looked up almost pathetically

have no business with me, should affect concern is beyond me."

"I am no detective," said Lee, "That's what I meant."

"Lucky for you you aren't," snapped Viner viciously. "You read my card?"
"With some disgust," retorted Lee.

"Why you should wish to knock the stuffing out of me is incomprehensible. I give you my word that my only stuffing to-day is one club sandwich. No. No," he added hastily, fearing to have given a wrong impression. "I do not mean that I am hungry. On the contrary, I have eaten largely. I come of a family of small eaters."

Viner wore a look of better temper. "I must apologize," he said. "I hate detectives. I thought you might be one;

vou seemed to be staring at me very hard."

"The laws of compensation," Lee answered. "I was thinking with what care your father saved his money for you to squander.'

> "I don't think I want your advice," said Viner shortly.

> Lee spoke more impressively. "I knew your father intimately,"

Viner looked at him with more interest. "Why didn't you say so before," he said. "Here, waiter, bring another glass. You'll join me?" he added, with a smile, "in my champagne?"

As the waiter disappeared Lee thought, for one moment, of leaving the money, franc included, on the table and making a bolt for the door. But prudence and a number of disengaged waiters, to say nothing of the porter at the door, restrained him. He raised the glass to his lips and drank its contents

"When did you see him last?" asked Viner.

"Many years ago," said Lee. "I helped to swell the fortune you dissipate by ten dollar tips."

Viner looked at Lee with a frown. "Can't I do what I like with

my own?"

Lee filled his glass sadly. "Oh I do not reproach you at all," he answered. "I examine merely the laws of compensation. Your father sweated men like me to pay for," he held up his glass. "to pay for this."

"So you worked for him?" queried Viner. "When and where?"

For the moment Lee hesitated, "I was superintendent of his Cleveland Glue Works."

"Cleveland!" said Viner. "Glue Works in Cleveland? I didn't know-'

"How should you," demanded the other, "you, whose career is given up to pleasure? What attractions have glue works in Cleveland for you?"

"That must have been a long time agc

then, "said Viner. "He's been in so many things that I never heard about."

"This was one," said Lee firmly. "I invented the glue."

"Invented it?" Viner cried. "I thought it was as old as the hills."

"Not my process," said Lee. "Your father made his beginning out of my invention. What is he now? What am I now?"

"I am blessed if I know," said the other. "Frankly, what's your grievance?"

"I have none against you," said Lee, "or him, now. I was bitter once. I saw my wife and child killed by him and I was bitter."

"Here, that's pitching it rather strong," cried Viner.

"I worked for him, sir, as a slave." Day and night, inventing glue, I toiled for him. I neglected my family. One day my doctor said my wife must go abroad if her life were to be spared. The white plague had attacked her while I was immersed in glue. I went to your father. 'Sir,' I cried, 'I must have money.' He would advance me none. My salary was insufficient. I sent them to a friend in Chicago and there my only child was attacked and there my loved ones died."

Viner looked deeply distressed. The older man's emotion touched him with the sympathy that comes readily to those who have sipped the wine when it is white and effervescent.

"This is frightful!" he ejaculated gazing at Lee, whose face was buried in his hands. "My father is a terribly hard man: the nether mill-stone is as soft as a sponge compared with him. Perhaps he didn't believe you needed it so badly. He likes people to beg."

"Ah, sir," returned Lee sadly, "my pride has always been my undoing. I could not beg."

"Of course not," said Viner hastily. "You need not have done so. You should have demanded it as your right. I cannot think he knew."

"He knew," said the other. "He knew! He told me that he did not dare to sacrifice his son's interests for my

"I thought you said 'daughter,' " hazarded Viner.

"I did," said Lee quickly, "but there was also a son equally afflicted with the fell disease. I sunk my pride; I implored him on my knees. He sent me back to my work, a broken man. I tried to forget my trouble. I invented a glue of such gluiness that he made another fortune. Then my health gave way and I was ordered to Italy. To Italy-" he paused dramatically.

Viner shifted uneasily in his chair. "Did you go?" he asked at length.

Lee leaned across the table.

"Do you, who know your father, ask that? What was I to him now the gluiest of glues was his property and patented in all countries? I was nothing; I was less than nothing; nothing assumes considerable proportions when compared with my value in your father's eyes. He laughed at me and I was thrown out."

"I'm terribly sorry to hear this," said the young man. "He owes you a great deal; I owe you a great deal."

Lee gave a gesture of dissent.

"Let the dead past bury itself," he said, "I should not have mentioned it but for seeing your name on that card."

"I brought it on myself," cried Viner with a repentant air, "but if a wrong can be righted, you wont find me holding back. I've often told my father he is too hard and to-night I shall instance your case; and if his only son has any influence-"

"To-night?" interrupted Lee. "Tonight?"

"I expect him at any minute now," returned the other. "Pray don't be nervous, Mr. Lee; you are my guest, and I'll see that you are treated as such."

"It is not nervousness," retorted Lee, "that makes me appear agitated. It is rather the desire not to meet him now that old wounds are smarting. To-morrow, perhaps."

"I understand thoroughly," said Viner. "Naturally, to-night it would be painful. Let it be to-morrow then; my address is on the card. Will you call at three o'clock?" His glance strayed to the frayed sleeve.

"You'll pardon me, Mr. Lee, but if

a temporary loan-"

Lee waved the offer aside with dignity, and in doing so allowed the unpaid check to escape him. It fluttered upon the other's hand.

"Your instincts do you credit," he replied warmly, "but I cannot accept. I must beg you to excuse me—a sudden faintness—"

With hand that trembled he seemed to

reach for his bill.

"No! No!" cried Viner, taking it up. "You'll allow me, Mr. Lee. To-morrow at three."

"Sir," said Mr. Lee, grasping the proffered hand, "if I told you how pleasant this meeting has been to me, you would think me guilty of unwarrantable exaggeration." He bowed low, and in almost a whisper, said, "Good-night."

Hardly had Lee's small frame passed the portals, when a big, stout, shrewd - looking man took the chair so lately vacated by the victim of his greed.

"Well, boy," said the old man, putting an affectionate hand on the other's shoulder, "what's the matter?"

Young Viner did not respond very cordially to his sire's greeting. He was moved to

eloquence and directness of attack.

Adding a few grievances of his own

Adding a few grievances of his own to those of James J. Lee, he made a sweeping indictment which was listened to without comment.

When he had finished his father looked at him with a smile.

"Is that all?" he demanded briefly. "All?" cried his son blazing with indignation. "Could there be anything worse?"

"There might be," he was told. "You might accuse me of promoting the black-hand industry or any other congenial employment."

Young Viner looked at his father gravely. He had not often taken himself so seriously.

"I suppose you will tell me that 'business is business' and that sentiment in it spells 'bankruptcy.' I've heard you say that often enough and I'm not such a fool as to think I can change your nature; but I can and will see that this poor little. broken - down, shabby devil of an ex-employee has s o m e recompense for what he has suffered."

"As you please," responded his father, "but first remember three things."

"More business axioms?" cried his son.

"Not this time. First, I have never engaged in business in Cleveland; second, all I know about glue is the

smell; third, I never met your friend Lee."

He laughed scornfully. "You smart young men make me tired."

He turned heavily in his chair.
"Here, waiter. Bring me the card."
His son looked at him, swallowed



Walking lessurely toward his lodging

dryly and with a hand that shook lifted his glass to his lips.

A few blocks distant, walking very leisurely toward his humble lodging, a small man in brown was smoking one of the six cigars given to him by an obliging but short-sighted dealer in exchange for a *franc*.

The Reason

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD HULL

THE light from the gas-jet in front of the vault shone upon Fred Harvey's bald head as he bent over the huge ledger.

"Eight hundred and seventy-five balances to be drawn and it's ten o'clock already. Whew!" he exclaimed as he settled himself to the work.

"Eight, fifteen, eighteen, twenty-five and three is twenty-eight."

He subtracted mechanically. The sharp steel pen scratched noisily on.

"Queer about that overdraft of Wesson's," he thought. "I'll speak to Mr. Fassett about it in the morning. 'Mr.' Fassett. I remember when 'Mr.' Fassett was in kilts and was just 'Little Tommie,' and now I have to speak to him about overdrafts. Lordy! What don't I remember?

"Five, thirteen, fourteen, twenty-four and two is twenty-six:

"God's in heaven! Is to-morrow December fourth, the day I first came into the bank? Sixty-four from one hundred eight? Forty-four, forty-four years. That is a long time. —Well, well, well, forty-four years. What a lot of changes in forty-four years! But I'm not changed. No, I'm not changed. I've been at this desk forty-four years; think of it, forty-four years.

"I'm not changed. I'm just a little thinner and my hands are a little colder in the mornings, but I'm the same old sixpence, same old nickel, I ever was—

"Five, nine, thirteen and eight is twenty-one. I wonder what's become of Harley Peterson. Queer fellow, Harley; always up to tricks. Do I remember the time he put glue in old Snider's ink? Shall I ever forget it? Ha! ha! ha! I wonder what ever became of Harley?

"How lively that account's got all of a sudden! Phil must be paying his last year's bills,

"The rest of the fellows—ah well, they have changed, haven't they? 'Pink' Adams that was on this job when I first came into the bank. Now, he married money. I saw that youngest boy of his the other day in one of those two-seated automobiles driving like—yes, like the dickens—down Main Street. He can drive faster than his old dad ever could add, that's certain.

"And that girl of his. She came in here last week sometime, all veils and hat, and says in one of those loud I-don't care-who-hears-me school-girl voices 'I'd like you to balance my book, if you please, and will you cash that for me. Thank you.' Why, that check, sixty-six sixty-six, was just what old Pink used to get a month, and now he gives her one like it every week to blow in on candy and tennis-balls! I saw 'Pink' the other day. Lord, but he has changed! There was a time when a new coat was as rare as a shave with 'Pink.' Say, that's a little mean, I do believe. I always did like 'Pink' and I like him still. God bless 'im-

"That's quite a deposit for the Soap Company. Business must be picking up with 'em

"I wonder why I never changed. I have been kind of a failure, now haven't I?

"All of the other fellows got out of here sooner or later, and some did well and some not so well, but they all did something anyway, while I never did anything but add and subtract. I wonder why.

"It's getting cold here. I must hurry up. Wow! but it's dark out doors. Always is at 10:30, I've noticed. Ha! ha! ha!

"Forty-four years, forty-four years!

"Just look at them all. Bill Francis out in Chicago, worth a couple of million and Tom Long at home running the whole blamed town. Not so bad a town, either; Tom certainly runs it well.

"Now I wonder why.

"I was just as smart as any of them 'xcept maybe Tom Long. I used to win all kinds of prizes in school. No, I was smart enough to run the town along of Tom, but nobody ever asked me to. Strange, now; I vow it is strange. It isn't as if I'd been sickly, for I was the strongest in the crowd; no getting 'round that. I remember wiping the floor with Bill, many a time. No, I was strong enough. It's only recently my hands got to being cold of mornings, and my eyes—yes, yes, they are a little watery

"Wurra, wurra! it's getting late.

Come, step lively.

"It isn't as if people didn't like me, either. Everybody always liked me. Yes, and I've liked everybody: even these young whippersnappers who come in here nowadays and skip this old desk at the end of the second year or so.

"And I've been faithful. I think I've been faithful. Early and late I've been right on my job—with exceptions: yes, yes, with exceptions, that's true.

"Nine, sixteen-"

The arc over the front door rattled noisily and sputteringly as it readjusted itself.

"Five, thirteen, twenty-two. Only at the Halls and Hawkinses! Well, maybe I'll--"

The clock gave the premonitory tick which marked its intention soon to strike the hour of eleven. It had grown quite cold in the cage.

The old man looked up nervously, dropped his pen, closed the huge ledger, lifted it from its high desk, and put it in the vault vestibule. Then he closed the vault door, threw the bolt, picked up his coat, shook himself into it, pulled his felt hat down over his eyes, and made listlessly for the front door. When he stepped out in the frosty air he drew the door closed behind him, shook it vigorously to make sure that it was locked-a precaution he had observed for forty-four years-and walked heavily away. He turned the corner and had proceeded not more than a hundred feet when he found himself standing in the light which streamed from Mike Donlin's Café. He looked hopelessly at the door a moment.

"I wonder," he murmured, "I wonder whether this could have had anything to do with it. I wonder—Nonsense, nonsense, of course not."

He pushed the door open and walked in to the brilliant room.

"Good-evening, Mr. Harvey. You're rather late this evening," was Mike's hearty greeting.

The old man rested one foot on the footrail and one elbow on the bar.

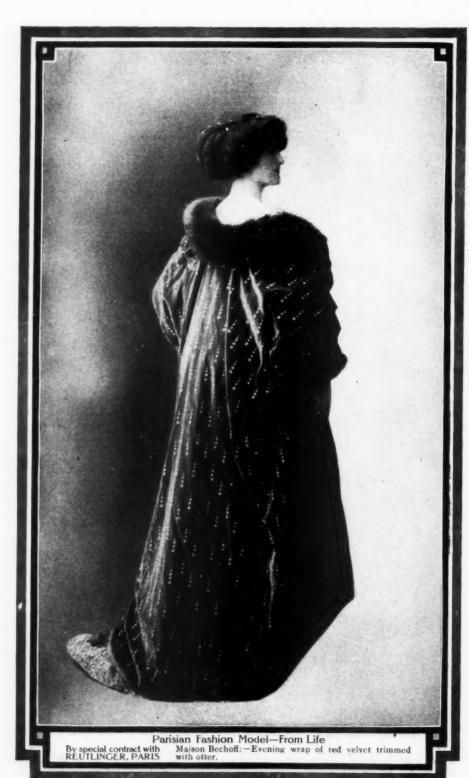
"10:58—time for a couple, Mike. The usual," he said.

As he looked at the gleaming brown liquid before him the weight of the memories of forty-four years slipped from him, the mist that was hanging before his mind cleared, he threw back his shoulders manfully.

"Here's looking at you, Mike," and with the manner of a professional he drained his glass.



Parisian Fashion Model—From Life
By special contract with Maison Laferrier:—Blue cloth costume, the corsage REUTLINGER, PARIS trimmed in silver, over tulle.







Parisian Fashion Model—From Life
By special contract with Maison Bechoff:—Evening gown of spangled tulle made REUTLINGER, PARIS over a sheath of gray satin.



Parisian Fashion Model—From Life
By special contract with Maison Drécoll:—Frock of white mousseline de soie
REUTLINGER, PARIS trimmed with bows of rose satin and silver lace.



Parisian Fashion Model—From Life
By special contract with Cie Lyonnaise:—Costume of blue crépe de chine, tassels at leur line contract with Cie Lyonnaise:—Costume of blue crépe de chine, tassels of blue and gold, the corsage of light blue.



Parisian Fashion Model—From Life
By special contract with Maison Ney Soeurs:—Costume of brown cheviot, the corsage trimmed with silver lace.



Parisian Fashion Model—From Life
By special contract with Maison Riva:—Blue cloth gown trimmed with velvet bows
REUTLINGER, PARIS and gold and silver lace; the corsage is of tulle.



E. M. Holland as Gentle and Wilton Lackage as John J. Haggleton in Cleveland Moffet's play, "The Battle"

D R A M E D A Y

Louis V. De Foe

WHEN Mr. James M. Barrie's lovely comedy, "What Every Woman Knows," was first produced in England five months ago, with Miss Hilda Trevelyan in the character of Maggie Shand, Mr. A. B. Walkley, the critic of the London Times, concluded his review of its first performance by exclaiming rhapsodically: "After all, it is sometimes a piece of real luck and happiness to spend an evening in the theatre!"

That candid avowal of the pleasure of listening to the latest work from the pen of England's most delightful and kindly satirist, coming from a critic so

conversant with the London stage as Mr. Walkley, was without doubt the most spontaneous and accurate tribute Mr. Barrie's play has yet received. But it had the effect of rousing the anger of a no less august personage in this country than Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who was moved in a New York weekly periodical to take up the cudgel for all dramatic authors and break it, figuratively, over the backs of all dramatic critics. The life, he said, of the professional reviewer of plays, with music tinkling in his ears, with beautiful visions of the fanciful art-world spreading before his eyes, and with constant surroundings of the gayeties of the theatre, is a bed of roses. He detected in Mr. Walkley's remark an implied slur against the stage in general, and exclaimed that any critic capable of expressing such a sentiment was a fool.

Mr. Davis' critical observation of the stage. I dare say, is somewhat more limited than his vocabulary. He has not spent almost every evening through forty weeks of each year in stuffy, badly ventilated playhouses. It has not been his task to watch the endless procession of uninspired efforts file slowly past, waiting eagerly for the lonely figure of genius to loom into view. He is not even compelled to sit through the performances of his own plays. If he were, he might have been less disturbed by Mr. Walkley's frank confession, and he would have better understood that, after all, it is a piece of real luck and happiness to spend an evening under the spell of a comedy so exquisite with the blend of humor and fantasy, of pathos and tender emotions springing from the depths of human nature, as Mr. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows."

Three seasons ago, when Mr. Barrie, in "Peter Pan," made it so easy for the most skeptical of us to believe in fairies, I thought that the Scottish novelistdramatist had arrived at the summit of his career. It was through Miss Maude Adams that he made that lovely idyl of the nursery live in the American theatre, and I thought that, as "the little boy who wouldn't grow up," she, too, had touched the acme of her delicate art. It is hardly to be expected, of course, that even in a new play from the same gifted pen, Miss Adams could quickly efface the memories of that masterpiece of prose poetry, yet she has easily made her way to pinnacles of comedy equally high and not less lovely in Mr. Barrie's new, acute, and subtle study of Scottish character in which, in effect, he sounds a universal truth with the question: "Do vou believe in woman?"

"What Every Woman Knows" is easily the decisive success and the most charming play of the present season in New York. Nor is the reason for its undisputed conquest difficult to understand. The most delightful traits of Miss Adams' eerie, fascinating personality and all the delicate phases of her rare art are again brought into perfect conjunction with Mr. Barrie's equally delightful gifts of humor, satire, fantasy and pathos, blended, in this instance, in a study of homely, every day life. To Mr. Charles Frohman also belongs the credit for successfully preserving the atmosphere of the work. The production and cast which he has provided in this country are as nearly flawless as present conditions in the theatre will permit.

What the dramatist implies in the title is not put in words until the comedy's closing speech, although from the first it has been clearly written between the lines. It is that man, in spite of his vaunted self-sufficiency, is seldom great in himself, but only in the inspiration and help of, and in his dependence upon, a steadfast, good woman, and that without her guidance and assistance he would seldom accomplish anything of great importance in the world. Not that Barrie is content to express it quite that way, however. When Maggie, the plain, homely, wise, and indomitably resolute little wife of John Shand has guided her blunt, unvielding, conceited, and blindly humorless husband among the pitfalls and placed him on the pedestal she has set up for him, she naïvely remarks:

"You see, dear, it is not true that woman was made from man's rib; she was really made from his funny-bone."

That is what every woman knows—and, as it is expressed, it is deliciously Barriesque. As John Shand slowly comprehends his frail little wife's words his grave, florid face relaxes. For the first time his teeth show between his lips. His hand rubs the muscles in his side that have never been brought into use before. His broad grin expands to laughter, and at last Maggie's hard battle for her husband—it is more like a mother's battle for her son—is won.

The play in detail is of Scottish life and character, set in scenes of Scotland and England. When the curtain rises on the prim little home at the Pan's, night has fallen and the three Wylies—Aleck, David, and James—are deep in a sedate



Photograph by The Moffett Studio, Chicago

Miss Maude Adams as Margaret Wylie in the new Barrie play. "What Every Woman Knows"

game of chess. These brothers and a sister—plain little *Maggie*—have prospered in material things, but they have not developed in culture. *Maggie* mothers them all. She is the family jewel and also its unfortunate. With all her womanly virtues she has had no suitors or prospects—no alternative other than to settle down to her knitting and the loveless life of a spinster. The reason is evident. *Maggie is plain*. The years are passing. The peach is losing its bloom.

In the neighborhood, dividing his time between work as a porter on a railroad and study in Glasgow University, is John Shand, a combination of rugged Scottish traits: cocksure, self-sufficient, sturdy in ambition, and totally without a saving sense of humor. Shand is greedy for learning—so greedy, in fact, that by night it is his habit to steal into the Wylies' home and pilfer, not the family silver plate, but the contents of the "ten yards of books" which decorate the library but which the family never read.

The brothers have become aware of their nocturnal marauder, and this night they sit up to catch him, red handed, in his educational thefts, Maggie is sent to bed, but she suspects something unusual and manages to be on hand at the capture. Then a family council is held to determine what shall be done with the prisoner. After due deliberation, in which Shand makes clear his ambition, a canny idea dawns upon the masculine Wylies and a decision is reached. They will give Shand £300 to complete his education at the University, and he shall sign a contract, binding him at the end of five years-dependent on Maggie's wishes-to marry her. They haggle over the conditions with Scottish shrewdness. Maggie's age for a moment threatens to be a serious deterrent. Shand, in short, is inclined to regard the bargain as disadvantageous. But in the end he and Maggie accept.

The first act, with its odd whimsey, its subtle blend of satirical humor and sentiment, and its perfect exposition of Scottish bluntness, kindliness, and perspicacity, is really a delightful little play in itself, and one of the cleverest humorous episodes seen on the stage in

years. When the curtain again rises on the second act the stipulated time has elapsed. Meanwhile Shand has risen in the world. He has been elected to Parliament and, thanks to the help Maggie has given him, without injury to his sense of masculine superiority, his speeches and "Shandisms" are the pride of his party. He is as willing as before to carry out the marriage contract, although he makes it plain to Maggie that he neither loves nor appreciates her more than at the outset. He even proclaims her to his constituents as his affianced bride, notwithstanding that she has destroyed the binding document and has offered to release him from his promise.

"A bargain is a bargain," said Shand, on his part, "I'll go through with it."

And Maggie, on her part, promises that, should anything unfortunate occur she will not act like other women.

The marriage eventually takes place. Shand continues to climb the political ladder, strong in his self-esteem and unmindful that his success is really due to the wisdom and humor which Maggie slyly weaves into his speeches when she types his manuscripts. Then the unfortunate thing, for which Maggie's forethought provided, occurs at the moment when she has saved him from an egregious political blunder. Lady Sybil Lazenby, an unconscionable and shallow little coquette, crosses the Scotsman's path, and straightway he thinks he sees in her the inspiration for which his romanceless life has yearned. Soon Maggie surprises her blunt, humorless husband on his knees, actually making love to her rival.

Then is her turn to act, but not as other women might in such a dire emergency. Deftly she takes her rival's measure and plans her campaign. A parting must come, but not until after Shand has prepared the great speech to be delivered at Leeds, which is to win for him a Cabinet portfolio. And what would contribute more to her husband's inspiration for that great effort than that he should write it at the Comtesse de la Briere's country-house, under the quickening influence of Lady Sybil's companionship?



Photograph by White, New York

Miss Maxine Elliott as the Countess Van Tuyle and Julian L'Strange as Jim Ogden in "The Chaperon," by Miss Marion Fairfax

So Maggie sends the pair away and sits down in her cheerless London home to knit and await results. Exactly as she anticipates, every thing goes wrong with Shand. The great speech is finished in a fortnight, only to be rejected by his party

Shand's, she explains to him, except that she has put some foolish little things in it—things which are really his, of course, but which, being so trivial, he happened to overlook. There is a rereading by the party leader, followed by great exulta-



Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

MISS ISABELLE D'ARMOND

leader, and Shand himself suddenly discovers that he is heartily tired of the object of his fancied admiration. Then Maggie runs down to the Comtesse de la Briere's for the day, with a speech on which she has been working folded away in her traveling-bag. It is the same as

tion. The day is saved! Shand is again the coming man! Not until then does a great light dawn on the obtuse Scot. He begins to see at last what he has never suspected before—that he has accomplished little or nothing on his own account and that all his strength and

success lie in the sense of humor and superior wisdom of his courageous, clear sighted little wife. Thus ends the play.

It may be argued with some justification that "What Every Woman Knows" is so closely restricted to the realm of fantasy that it often fails to furnish an impression of actual life. But the strong points which will endear it to all audiences are its fine undercurrents of human nature, its pure humor and sure pathos and, best of all, the charming picture it draws of brave, wise, resourceful and indomitable womanhood.

The perfection with which Miss Adams embodies the character of Maggie Shand makes it seem almost certain that Mr. Barrie drew his heroine with the American actress in mind. The impression she offers may not always be Scottish, but she infuses the character with the wealth of her own gentleness, quaintness, drollness and personal charm and in the scene in which she releases John Shand from his marriage-contract and confronts Lady Sybil, she rises to heights of feeling which reveal an emotional intensity that she has never before managed to touch.

The surprise of the performance, however, is furnished by Mr. Richard Bennett in his exceptionally fine impersonation of the blunt, selfish, unyielding hero. His is an unusually skillful study of character, wrought in minute detail and never lapsing from its established ideal. With *John Shand* to his credit Mr. Bennett is almost certain to find his place among the stars.

The Scottish types of the Wylies by Mr. R. Peyton Carter, Mr. David Torrence and Mr. Fred Tyler, and the lesser characters of Lady Sybil and the Comtesse by Miss Beatrice Agnew and Miss Ffoliott Paget are likewise commendable. In fact, the entire performance goes hand in hand with the play, and together they supply a gem in comedy art which will probably not lose its luster by comparison with any other event of the year.

MR. WILTON LACKAYE, who evidently believes with *Hamlet* that "the players are the abstract and brief

chronicles of the time," has cast his lot with Mr. Cleveland Moffett's drama, "The Battle," which not only fulfills the stage's first obligation of providing attractive entertainment but furnishes an intellectual stimulus by glancing in a forcible and novel way at some of the live economic and social problems of the day. After a month's performances the fortunes of the play still hang in the balance, though it surely ought to succeed on account of the interest of its story and the capability of its performance. I fear, however, that, with New York in its present whimsical mood, it will prove too agitating to the mental faculties of its audiences to hope for a long career.

Still, "The Battle" may be regarded as a substantial contribution to the nucleus of a distinctively native school of dramatic writing of which "The Great Divide," "Paid In Full," "The Man Of The Hour," and, to a lesser degree, "The Lion And The Mouse," are good examples. Like these plays, it deals with topics which affect the public welfare, without attempting to convert the stage into a pulpit or court. While it matches capital against labor and wealth against poverty in dramatic conflict, it also presents a romantic story of strong human interest. Best of all, its author does not presume to settle, to his own satisfaction, controversies which have perplexed the mind of man since Adam. In the end the conflict is left suspended in mid-air, as, indeed, it must remain in the world of fact until we progress to a Utopian condition in which selfishness is eliminated from the affairs of men.

The problem of the tenements looms large in the background of Mr. Moffett's play. Why does one class live in luxury and another in poverty? Mr. Moffett allows typical representatives of each of these vast economic divisions to answer the question. Note that I say each of these vast economic divisions, for in this respect "The Battle" differs from all the other plays that have dealt with the use and abuse of wealth. At last on the stage the much maligned millionaire has been given a chance to argue his side of the

question.

The storm-center of the drama is John J. Haggleton, whom Mr. Lackaye impersonates. He is a ruthless owner of tenements who grinds the victims that dwell in his squalid properties and an unscruppulous monopolist whose wife deserted him in the days of his early prosperity, on account of one of his unprincipled schemes to crush a business rival, taking with her their infant son. This son, when the play begins, is known as Philip Ames, a young master-diver, who is the protégé of Mr. Gentle, a visionary Socialist, who has impressed the ardent young man with his economic views.

Before setting out on a yachting-trip, Haggleton hears rumors of the whereabouts of his son and follows them to the tenement, where he is recognized by Gentle, who, it seems, has full knowledge of Ames' antecedent circumstances. Under an assumed name, the millionaire seeks to soften the youth's prejudices and to interest him by a discussion of social problems. The drift of the millionaire's argument is that the poor are largely responsible for their condition by their lack of thrift, their failure to exercise common-sense in the regulation of their daily affairs, and their neglect of certain things easily within the reach of all-notably soap, water, and fresh air. Ames retorts that their distress is due to grinding landlords, and points to surroundings for the proof. Whereupon Haggleton proposes to demonstrate the truth of his assertions by taking up his life with Ames and prospering, in spite of the conditions which lack of money and the burden of high rents impose.

Almost immediately a change is noticed in the squalid abode. Sunlight and fresh air are let into the rooms and, with a small sum of money realized from the sale of useless bric-a-brac, Haggleton sets up a small bakery business. The poor, shiftless neighbors are taken into the scheme, and gradually each becomes a capitalist in a small way. With sudden prosperity they quickly lose sight of their old socialistic ideals and begin to ponder how they may enlarge their small bakery monopoly. In Ames, particularly, an inherited money-making instinct is

aroused.

Then begins the struggle of Margaret Lawrence, a fervid Socialist and Settlement Worker, to whom Ames is engaged, to save her lover from the fatal influence of Haggleton, whose identity she has discovered and in whom she recognizes the monopolist who, years before, had crushed her father. In her campaign she is seconded by a half-crazed baker, named Moran, who owes his own and. he thinks, his daughter's ruin to one of Haggleton's monopolies. The conflict of the opposing forces grows fierce and, as a last resort, Margaret Lawrence makes known to her lover that the man who is rapidly warping his views is his own father. When she reminds him of the duty he owes his dead mother, Ames, still wavering, retorts that, perhaps he also owes a duty to his live father. The impending crisis is then delayed by Moran, who, in a frenzy, attempts to shoot the millionaire, but ends by wounding the

In Haggleton's mansion the struggle is carried to its finish. Margaret Lawrence nurses her lover back to health and then bids him choose between her and his father. But her harshness and resentment against the millionaire softens when she learns that it was to a member of her own family that the ruin of Moran's daughter was due. The conclusion is a general reconciliation reached by plausible means, Haggleton, by way of expiation, proposing to give \$10,000,000 for the relief of the city's poor.

But how shall the money be wisely used? How shall this vast sum be spent without pauperizing those whom it is intended to assist? Instantly the struggle of wealth and poverty is renewed. Plans and counterplans are proposed and rejected. Haggleton interrupts with the exclamation:

"I'll tell you how it can be done!

Here the curtain falls, shutting out, as some have argued, the conclusion of the play. But there is a meaning in this abrupt ending which many, curiously, have overlooked. The implication is that the quarrels of wealth and poverty are beyond adjustment until a better spirit of unselfishness rules the human race and



Photograph by Otto Sarony Company, New York

Miss Adrianne Augarde who is appearing with Joseph O'Mara in "Peggy Machree'

the principle of the brotherhood of man dominates the world.

It is difficult to describe the parallel economic and romantic motives of "The Battle" and, at the same time, convey an adequate notion of their strength and relationship. The interests of the play are not all serious, for the dialogue, which is always forcible and often brilliant, is relieved by an unbroken thread of spontaneous humor. In its construction Mr Moffett's work is not of even texture. The melodramatic quality of the climax seems to be unnecessary and it has the effect of weakening, by extravagance, the force of the story. There are many irrelevant details and, sometimes, the arguments, though ingenious, cannot meet the test of logic. But these flaws are counterbalanced by the lifelike drawing of the characters and the freshness and spontaneity of the lines which they speak.

With one or two exceptions the company is wisely chosen. A more congenial character than Haggleton has seldom fallen to Mr. Lackaye, who plays it with nervous energy, eloquence, and force. Mr. E. M. Holland is equally effective in the more difficult-because negative -part of Gentle, the Socialistic dreamer. Mr. H. B. Warner gives a surprisingly natural performance of the millionaire's son, while Mr. Charles Abbe manages to be exceedingly entertaining as a typical never-do-well of the tenements, loud in his protests against the evils of capital but ingenious at devising corruption when his changed circumstances place others at his mercy.

To see Mr. Moffett's play is not only to be entertained but to feel the quickening influence of a genuine intellectual stimulus—two results which do not often go hand in hand in the theatre but which, when successfully combined, merit a generous measure of public encouragement.

JUST off Broadway and right in the throbbing heart of New York's gay night-life a blaze of electric-letters proclaims the new Maxine Elliott Theatre—the only playhouse in New York's remarkable list of more than seventy-five that is owned and directed by a woman.

Its severe marble façade, on the lines of the Little Trianon-also a woman's playhouse, but of another kind-is in harmony with the simple elegance of its interior which, in the daintiness of its color scheme of ivory and gold, and the luxury of its upholsteries and hangings, suggests a lady's boudoir more than a public resort. Here, at last, is a novelty in the theatrical game of give and take played so astutely on New York's main traveled thoroughfare. Magnates who have been accustomed to match their cunning only against masculine wits will now discover what it means to deal with a woman.

Miss Elliott must have felt a glowing pride on the night when she dedicated this new playhouse, that for so long has been the goal of her endeavor. Though small in size and not particularly elaborate in ornamentation it is unusually When Miss Elliott is not attractive. occupying its stage it will serve as the New York abiding-place of a coterie of women stars, including such notable artistes as Miss Julia Marlowe, Mme. Alla Nazimova, and Miss Mary Mannering. London has a similar woman's playhouse in Miss Lena Ashwell's Kingsway Theatre, but it is not nearly so handsome as the one which bears Miss Elliott's name.

Every new theatre, of course, implies a new play. The dedicatory production in this case is "The Chaperon," a fragile bit of romantic fancy by Miss Marion Fairfax who, in private life, is Mrs. Tully Marshall. I regret that I cannot comment on this comedy, to the leading rôle of which Miss Elliott lends her brunette radiance, in the same enthusiastic terms that the new theatre inspires. Chivalry prompts, but common honesty forbids. The piece may attract for a time, but surely it is not substantial enough to survive long, for the ingredients of its mixture are sugar and water.

One of those trouble-breeding international matrimonial tangles furnishes the basis of its plot. The *Countess Van Tuyle* has wedded in haste and, of course, repented at leisure. Under circumstances too improbable to command respect, she meets *Jim Ogden*, a former



Photograph by White, New York

Henry E. Dixey and Miss Gretchen Hartman in Miss Edith Ellis' comedy. 'Mary Jane's Pa"

suitor, whom she discarded from pique, while acting as the chaperon of a party of young girls in an Adirondack lodge. Her divorce-case is in progress and the

and Ogden and the Countess take refuge on the lake in a canoe.

Unluckily their boat is wrecked on a deserted island and then comes the silli-



Photograph by Sarony, New York

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who is shortly to appear in America

Count is moving heaven and earth to secure grounds for a counter suit. At an inopportune moment the Count, with his mother, turns up in the neighborhood,

est incident in the play. The marooned pair, much disconcerted by the unpleasant intimacy of their predicament, do not wring out their wet garments under



Photograph by White, New York

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cover of darkness but delay this important detail until the broad daylight of the next morning. The incident gives Miss Elliott the desired excuse to display her beribboned-lingerie for the delectation of her audience, and it also helps along the plot, as the *Count* paddles past the island in his canoe at that moment and catches his wife in partial undress. Here is a terrible howdy-do, but the *Countess* manages to escape in a country urchin's scow and, in the last act, buys off her impecunious husband.

"The Chaperon" would be a splendid little play for boarding-school amateurs to act-with the undressing incident left out. I have no doubt that Miss Elliott's cast is competent enough, but the characters the company is called upon to act are so transparent and obvious that they afford no opportunities for real interpretation. As the Countess Van Tuyle Miss Elliott is her own charming self, but without even so much as the veneer of assumed character. Mr. Thomas Thorne as the Count makes the mistake of being so much more gracious than Mr. Julian L'Strange as Jim Ogden that it becomes difficult to understand just why, after all, the lady wanted a divorce,

Mr. Clyde Fitch might have made an amusing play out of Mrs. Marshall's material. In any event he would have

spiced, not aerated it.

I T has been so long since the songs of Ireland on the stage have carried a real thrill to the hearts of their hearers that every blessed mother's son of old Erin, whose fond thoughts linger in the land of the shamrock, should give thanks for the coming of Mr. Joseph O'Mara.

It is true that Mr. O'Mara may never win the prize for masculine beauty at Dunkilty Fair. His legs surely have none of the poetic eloquence that has raised Mr. Chauncey Olcott and the rest of the powder-puff brigade of Irish singing comedians to heights of glory. But when he lifts his thrush-like voice in the ballads dear to every Irishman, the verdure-clad hills of the Emerald Isle seem to rise around him, echoing the joys and sorrows of its struggling people.

"Peggy Machree," the Irish romantic

comedy in which Mr. O'Mara is appearing, is not much more than a framework to hold his songs. Last year it did the same service for Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, but his sudden death in the West kept it out of New York. Like all plays of its class, it is highly picturesque and, at the same time, highly preposterous. There is a merry-making at a village fair and someone suggests a marriage. Lady Margaret O'Driscoll, who is masquerading as a mischievous colleen, volunteers to be the bride and, when the make-believe groom backs out, Barry Trevor, a happy-go-lucky gossoon, takes his place. But alas! A real priest performs the ceremony and the pair find themselves joined in the sight of heaven and man.

Of course *Barry* is spurned. Like all Irish heroes he goes away to the wars to perform incredible deeds of valor. At last he wanders back in poverty and rags to win the love of the lady of qual-

ty with his plaintive song.

If "Peggy Machree" relied only on its story and plot for its interest I would not be inclined to give it a second thought. But its whole atmosphere changes when Mr. O'Mara raises his rich tenor in the tender sentiment of Tom Moore's good old ballad, "Believe me if all these endearing young charms," and when he sounds the patriotic thrill of "The West's Awake," his audiences literally spring to their feet. The imperishable "Wearing Of The Green" never held so much meaning as when its plaintive air is sung by this homely, golden voiced Irishman.

There are new songs, some sad and some gay. For instance, there's "The Ould Plaid Shawl" and "Maureen" and a riotous drinking-song. And, too, there are others to sing them, notably Miss Adrianne Augarde, who is the rosiest cheeked little colleen that could be found in a day's journey from Dublin. When she sings "Lovely Roses" and "Oh, Never Trust To Strangers," every Irishman within range of her voice wonders why he ever strayed from home.

The songs of Ireland hold a world of melody and Mr. O'Mara is the one Irish actor of the day who can sing them with

the right spirit.



Photograph by Matzene, Chicago

Miss Anna Laughlin who is appearing in vaudeville with Joseph Howard

COMEDY doesn't always have to be trussed up in masculine evening waistcoats and feminine "straight fronts" to get a hearing in New York. Just now, for example, there is on view a homely little piece, called "Mary Jane's

Pa," which Miss Edith Ellis has filled to the brim with quaint ideas and which Mr. Henry E. Dixey, as the "Pa" in its humorous complications, plays to the life. "Pa" is otherwise Hiram Perkins, an editor in an Indiana town and a victim

of wanderlust, who roams away to green fields and pastures new and leaves his efficient and resolute wife, *Portia*, to get out the paper and bring up the children.

Eleven years later *Hiram* comes wandering home. *Portia* is now an editorial power; she is even the political arbiter of Gossport. She isn't inclined to take her peripatetic husband back, nor does she want to be resentful. So she compromises by giving him the jobs of general housework at home and of "devil"

at the printing-office.

If there ever was a beloved vagabond, Hiram Perkins is the one. While the village is busy gossiping about the strange man in "Widow" Perkins' house, Hiram is cultivating the love of her two halfgrown children-who are his children as well. Emergencies rise in the little family and the mysterious hanger-on becomes suddenly a friend in need. He thwarts a plot instigated by Portia's political enemy to wreck her office and then, by tenderly telling the story of his misspent life to his daughter, Lucillewho has inherited his wandering propensities and is about to elope with an actor-he wards off a serious domestic catastrophe.

This saves the day for *Hiram. Portia* relents, takes him to her heart, and proclaims to the astonished villagers his real relationship to the family. Then *Hiram* unearths the half-forgotten manuscript of a book he had written in his shiftless days, and the publisher to whom it is sent is smart enough to recognize the

brilliant mind of its author.

"Mary Jane's Pa" is the veriest of whimsies and, sometimes, as a play, it is sadly out of joint. But its characters are touched with human nature and, as for *Hiram Perkins*, he is lovable to an extravagant degree.

JUST a few words for vaudeville—not the twice-a-day, common, or gardenkind of vaudeville that conjures up awful specters of trained seals, educated cats, "Salome" dancers, and leatherlunged "sidewalk" comedians, but the vaudeville *de luxe*, pure, unadulterated, refined, with a \$2,000 a week salary attached.

At one of the New York temples of piecemeal art they shoot two orange-colored rays down from the proscenium and cross them in a letter X. A phantom in white, crowned with vermillion hair, steals from behind wine-colored velvet draperies and arrives at the intersection of light just in time to be shot squarely in the face by a white calcium glare from

the gallery.

Mrs. James Brown Potter! A chorus of admiring "ahs-s-s" sounds from all over the house, and straightway Trixie and Pauletta and Cora drop their half-eaten caramels in startled admiration. The phantom stands inflexible for a moment, then slowly lifts a jeweled hand. Its immobile features grow animate, its lips part, and in sepulchral tones it murmurs, "Captive Memories."

"Hast been in Arcady?" Mrs. Potter asks in her opening line. Pauletta and Trixie and Cora involuntarily answer "Nope." Of course they haven't. Nor will they learn anything about it from Mrs. Potter, for her elocution is almost unintelligible. There is applause and, sad to relate, sacrilegious giggling.

Mrs. Potter composes herself after the ordeal, then raises her hand again and says, "Little Boy Blue." It is as well, perhaps, that dear old 'Gene Field, the good Chicago poet, has been gathered to his fathers. His sense of humor could never have resisted Mrs. Potter's reading of the tender poem he wrote to the memory of his little son-or that single glistening tear from her left eye with which our former society actress punctuates each verse. Almost ridiculous affectation seized Mrs. Potter since she illumined the dramatized fiction of Zola in this country. But why not? She must give something, at least, in return for \$2,000 a week! Her great misfortune is that Trixie and Pauletta and Cora have a sense of humor of their own and they refused to be impressed. "Trained seals and educated cats for mine," say they.